

# Life

FEBRUARY  
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ANYTHING BUT LOVE!"

*Elly*



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# Life

FEBRUARY : 1933

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for direct color camera

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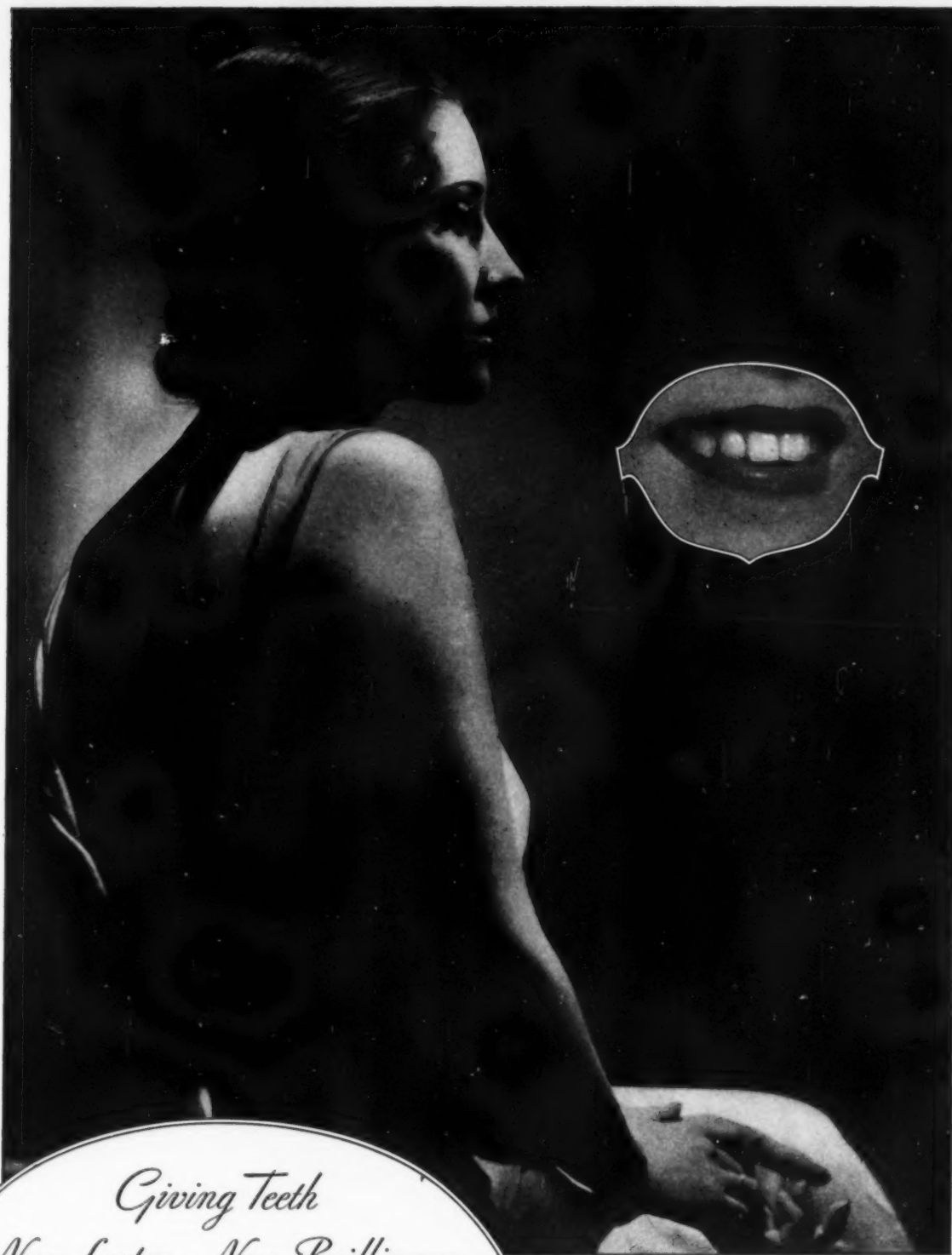
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The moment you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will wonder why you ever put up with costly and less efficient dentifrices. From the moment you begin using it, you will note an improvement in the looks of your teeth; a new cleanliness, and new lustre and brilliance. It is a tribute to this paste that more than three million women now use it in preference to former favorites costing more. Won't you try a tube? *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

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PREDICTIONS FOR THE BRIEF MONTH OF—

1933 F E B R U A R Y 1933						
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1	2	3	4
Birthstone: Amethyst for sincerity.	Flower: Primrose.	If born Feb- ruary 1—19, should mate in Aquarius (Jan. 20— Feb. 19).	 Japan offers to re- turn half of Man- churia if the Chinese laundrymen will stop tearing its shirts.	New York City adopts "Broth- er, Can You Spare a Dime?" for its munici- pal anthem.	Queen Marie swims the Eng- lish Channel to get her picture in the papers again.	 Foreign Legion in- stalls emergency re- cruiting office in Tammany Hall.
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
 Stock Exchange opens its bar- gain basement.	The Emergency Relief Commit- tee throws the new skyscrapers open to coloni- zation.	 League of Nations invites Al Capone to send delegate to dis- armament conference.	Restaurants face crisis as entire nation goes on diet to recover from the first effects of beer.	 Prince of Wales de- nies he is engaged to Peggy Hopkins Joyce.	Peggy Hopkins Joyce denies that she is en- gaged to King Carol.	 King Carol denies that he is entering a monastery.
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Abraham Lin- coln's ghost adds: "—and you can fool a majority of the people all of the time."	 Mr. Montagu Nor- man explains strange press-cluding visit to U. S. Says he was trying to meet Garbo.	The Hamilton Fish Anti-Com- munist Com- mittee bars the use of red hearts in valentines.	 The Indian Women's Purity League votes to put a shirt on Gandhi.	Frantic land- lords put mouse- trap inventors in empty hous- es to make the world beat paths to their doors.	 Hunger marchers stop walking. Find it too good for the appetite.	After months in Europe Jimmy Walker is still trying to figure out how Mus- solini does it.
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
Hearst editorial warns unpre- pared America that Japanese children learn to fly before they know how to walk.	Kidnappers snatch Al Ca- pone; make government pay ransom.	 Mussolini thanks his people for their great devotion. Cuts body- guard down to two regiments.	Washington's Birthday. The D.A.R. tries to forget Sol Bloom.	 John D. Rockefeller cancels his contribu- tion to the Birth Control League after counting the empty floors in Radio City.	The Madison Square Garden Corp. offers Joe McKee and Ber- ry a million dollar guaran- tee for a fight.	 The Innocent By- standers Protective Association punches 200 gangsters in the eye.
26	27	28				
 Morris Gest offers to pay war debts if Eu- rope lends him its armies and navies for vaudeville tour.	Ex-Mayor Thompson de- nies that the sub-machine gun was named after him.	Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt asks the paint- ers to be sure and finish the White House by Saturday.	If born Febru- ary 20—29, women should mate in Cancer (June 1—July 22); men in Capricorn (Dec. 22—Jan. 19) or Virgo (Aug. 23—Sep. 22).	Aquarians (Jan. 20—Feb. 18) are humanitar- ians, reformers, and builders.	Pisces (Feb. 19 —Mar. 20) peo- ple are gener- ous, imaginat- ive, poetic, and insist on doing things their own way.	To be contin- ued next month.

—Compiled by José Schorr; Decorated by Albert Vialé





BUY AMERICAN!

*Anton Bruehl—Balch*





FEBRUARY, 1933

FIFTIETH YEAR

## “... SOME OF THE PEOPLE ...”

### OUR COUNTRY

**Beer** WE COME to the question of beer. They tell us that we are going to have beer and wine because it will restore the police rights of the states, because it will put money into the Treasury, because it will relieve the unemployment problem, because it will take an embarrassing problem out of politics, because it will help turn the wheels of industry, and because it will break up racketeering and bootlegging.

One minor reason, usually omitted, why the country wants the restoration of wine, beer and whiskey is to drink it.

**See the World!** THERE WAS a uniformed recruiting sergeant standing beside a *Travel!* poster at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-Second Street and he handed us a pamphlet. We read:

*The United States Army has troops stationed in Panama Canal Zone, Hawaii,*

*Philippines, China, and Alaska. In traveling through the Panama Canal the soldier will see the world-famous Gatun Locks; in Hawaii he may visit the incomparable beach at Waikiki; in the Philippines he will sense the fascination of life in the Far East; in China he may learn the mysteries of the Dragon; in Alaska he may satisfy his longing to explore uncharted wildernesses.*

Having been around a bit ourselves we glanced cynically at the pictures of soldiers in rickshas, soldiers seated on stone walls in Manila, and more soldiers floating through the Panama Canal. It all looked too easy. So we asked the Sgt. point blank if a fellow could really get around like that just by signing up with Uncle Sam. He was positive of it and said that if we enlisted on the spot we might sail for Panama the very next morning.

That took care of Panama and left only China, Alaska, the Philippines, and Hawaii to be accounted for. When we asked about them the Sgt. explained that the army travel plan takes time. After you've served three years in

Panama, for instance, you're entitled to a transfer for China, where you serve another three years. After that you can transfer again to the Philippines, and three years later you can steam up to Alaska for three more.

A little simple mental arithmetic showed us that the price of such globe-trotting was fifteen years of army life—a small price, perhaps, for such rich experience.

We thanked the Sgt. and went back to the office.

### WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

**Canned Emotions** THE RECENT FLOOD of homemade greeting cards proved without question that there is too much originality in America. It is on this account that we endorse the Suggestion Service offered by the telegraph companies. Take Postal Telegraph's Suggested Message No. 72, for Valentine's Day:





*Cupid's Arrows swift and true wing my love its way to you.*

Or consider Western Union's suggestion:

*True love is swift and flies on swallows wings—swift be the messenger who my love's message brings.*

Postal Tlgrph has 144 stock messages covering such occasions as Weddings and Anniversaries, Births [of children, they explain], Graduation, Condolences, Easter, Mother's Day and so on. Wstrn Union shows more ingenuity with a total of 215 suggestions including Congratulatory Messages to Public Men, a field untouched by Postal. Inspired examples:

*We have just heard of your success so richly deserved and so splendidly won. That the people of the state (city) have nominated a man like you is greatly to their credit.*

In the matter of Condolences there is, respectively, Postal's No. 58 and one of Wstrn Union's adaptable sentiments:

*I am (we are) deeply grieved by ———'s death and send you my (our) utmost sympathy and love. I (we) send you my (our) heartfelt sympathy. To have enjoyed the friendship of your father (husband-brother) I (we) hold one of the greatest privileges of my life (our lives).*

The usual greeting-card is commonplace and bears no personal touch, warns Postal Tlgrph. The telegraphed greeting is distinctive and so warmly personal, says Wstrn Union.

**\$150.00 Complete** THE SUBJECT of condolences brings us naturally to the matter of funerals. [We'll clear up this unpleasant business first.] How much does a funeral cost? We thought we found the answer in a World-Telegram advertisement:

Walter B. Cooke  
Incorporated  
Dignified, Complete  
Funeral as low as  
\$150.00

So we went around to the Walter B. Cooke people just to make sure. A Mr. Marcot took care of us, and his serious countenance made quite an impression on us as he hesitated beside a cream-colored casket at \$350.00, with funrl. We glanced at the advertisement again and reread the bottom line: \$150.00,



"You're gonna like him folks—he's a good egg!"

but Mr. Marcot didn't seem to notice.

It certainly hurts when it strikes home, he said.

Yes, we said, it does but let's talk price.

Here's one that is quite beautiful, don't you think? said Mr. Marcot.

Beautiful, we agreed. The price of this casket was \$225.00. There seemed to be but one casket in the room that would back up the advertisement. It was marked \$150.00, with funeral. Mr. Marcot said there were, of course, certain extras such as burial permit, pallbearers, service, and grave. So he jotted it all down just to give us an idea of the complete \$150. funrl:

Grave . . . . .	\$60.00
Pallbearers . . . . .	10.00
Transcript . . . . .	1.50
Service . . . . .	5.00
Casket . . . . .	150.00
Total	\$226.50



"Have you seen 'Mencken in Uniform'?"

**Metropolitan Religion** PROBABLY due to our suburban upbringing, we have come to associate the church with a small, intimate group, bound together by acquaintance and the personality of the pastor. The sort of pastor who stood at the entrance of his church after Sunday morning devotions, grasping the hand and inquiring after the welfare of each of his flock. So glad you're able to be here this morning, Mrs. Post—I'm counting on you for Wednesday—well, a new face, I believe . . .

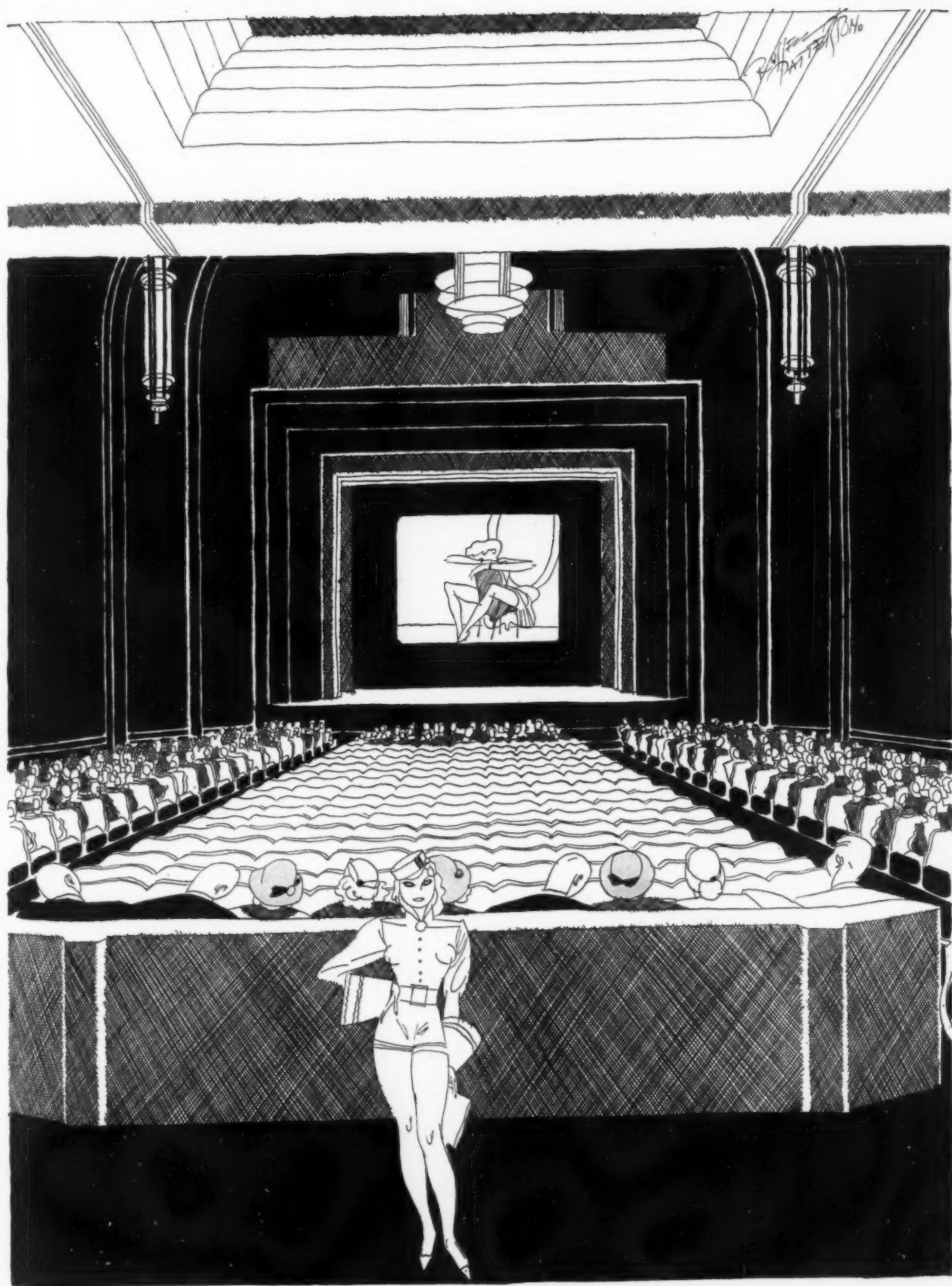
Going to church in a metropolis is another matter. We've just looked in on the Riverside Church in New York City and found Dr. Fosdick handling a different job in a different way. It is a church with bowling alleys and a gymnasium in the basement; with a club room in the spire; with four elevators [run by attractive girls], and six stories of bells in the tower. The architecture combines Gothic grandeur with modern comfort. Tortured squirming in an old-fashioned pew is forgotten in the luxury of cushioned seats. The preacher's electrically amplified voice is carried to the remotest parishioner, and even the deaf can be made to hear by means of an electrical device attached to each row of seats.

There is endless opportunity for unmolested browsing. The decoration is replete with ornamental sculpture, and each bit has its symbolism. Likenesses of Mohammed, Buddha, Darwin, and Einstein appear on the entrance arch. On the northwest corner of the building are carved a pelican, a peacock, a beehive, an ant, a hen, an owl, and a strawberry. The descriptive booklet explains that the pelican symbolizes Piety; the peacock—Immortality; the beehive—Chastity; the strawberry—Good Works.

Dr. Fsdck's program for the week informed us that on Sunday we might attend a get-acquainted tea or loaf in the club room; Tuesday, frolic in the gym and bowling alley or go to an Interest Group meeting; Wednesday, attend a reception; Thursday, a musicale; Saturday, movies or a carillon recital. We were equally welcome to stay at home all week. Nobody invited us to a welfare supper or pestered us to sign up with a Bible class. We were left to our own devices and had the run of the place.

The Church, it seems, is determined





THE USHERETTE WHO MADE GOOD



to carry on. If it must enter the entertainment business to do it, well then, it will enter the entertainment business. Too bad, in a way.

## THE UNTRAMMELED PRESS

**Accuracy** NOT LONG AGO a New York gunman named Vogel shot and killed a policeman. Here is the story of his capture as recorded in six New York newspapers:

**Journal:** The robber . . . made a dash for the entrance to the new 8th Avenue subway, but Detectives George Joanides and Francis Short, who were on the corner, saw him stagger and noticed a trail of blood behind him and took him into custody.

**Times:** Detectives George Joanides and Francis X. Short . . . who had chased him . . . were at his heels. They tore at top speed down the steps.

**Daily News:** Leaping toward an apartment house doorway, the gunman made his last stand, blazing away at the approaching forms of O'Keefe and Bloomer.

**Evening Post:** He staggered to the subway station and on the stairs encountered Patrolman John Lee. Lee, suspicious, drew his gun and Vogel surrendered and collapsed.

**World-Telegram:** He tried to escape into a subway station but Patrolman Lee . . . saw him. Vogel tried to draw his pistol, but Patrolman Lee grabbed his wrists. They struggled until Vogel, weak from loss of blood, collapsed at the policeman's feet.

**Sun:** Patrolman John Lee . . . was coming up the stairs. Something about



"The Hearst papers run the loudest pictures of Hoover."



"Tuning up? Why man, I hired you a week ago!"

the appearance of the man . . . didn't seem right to Lee, and he jerked out his revolver and ordered the man to hold up his hands.

Well, we're sorry to say they were all wrong. What really happened was that the gunman eluded his pursuers, stumbled down the subway steps *unseen*, collapsed at a locked turnstile, and lay there until found accidentally a few minutes later by a subway money collector and his bodyguard. We got the facts from the money collector who is a friend of ours, and we have gone to some length in reporting the journalistic hash merely to commend the news profession on its imagination in fabricating news details.

**Sympathy** THIS DEPARTMENT extends sympathy to *New Outlook*, *Harper's*, and *Cosmopolitan* for taking Technocracy seriously. . . . To the Dell Publishing Company for attempting, with its new magazine *Manhattan* ("A Weekly for Wakeful New Yorkers"), to ape the *New Yorker*. . . . To the *Saturday Evening Post* for listing themselves in their Index to Advertisers in the Christmas issue. . . . To *Red Book* for its pink paint brush covers. . . . To Henry L. Mencken and his *American Mercury*—just on general principles.

## ENTERTAINMENT

**Downey** MORTON DOWNEY is managed by a gentleman named Ralph Wonders,

**Nest** who deserves a lot of praise for the fancy exploitation of the Downey baby, recently born. No doubt he composed this ballot, which was handed to New York theatre-goers:

NAME MORTON DOWNEY'S NEW BABY BOY!

What is your suggestion for a name for Morton Downey's son? Maybe you would like to suggest your idea of a fitting name for the son of radio's most popular singer? . . . WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST? Drop this blank in box in lobby! . . .

But we cannot and will not praise Mr. Wonders for the song which was crooned by Downey for the occasion. Radio's most popular singer, to our way of thinking, must take all the honors for it himself:

WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!

Welcome home, little stranger,  
Welcome to your little manger.  
Open up your big, blue eyes  
And see your daddy's paradise.  
Smile for me and stop your frownin'—  
Can't you see your daddy clownin'?  
Hand in hand we'll always go;  
I'll be with you, rain or snow.  
Welcome home, stranger,  
Welcome home.



GREAT MINDS

"Around the corner is nothing but glory for the great City of New York."

—John P. O'Brien

"Of Hitler, I think that he is lousy rather than swell."

—Lion Feuchtwanger

"Ants cannot hand down facts from one generation to the next."

—Julian Huxley

"I got all the applause and the other fellow got all the votes."

—Norman Thomas

"I owe something to my old public in not coming back."

—David Warfield



Roosevelt Promises to Make White House Receptions Strictly Informal—News Item



# Your Favorite Comedian

... As It Always Turns Out

"ALL right, we'll tune in WEAF now, and get Eddie Cantor, and if you want to hear a guy who's really funny, he's your man. I'm telling you this bird really is a scream."

"Uh huh."

"Aha! Here he is. Hear that voice. Listen, now:—"

(Very feeble gag over the radio).

"Hmmm—"

"Yeah, I'll admit that wasn't so hot. I've heard that one pulled a good many times, but wait till he really gets going. Last week—"

(Frightful gag which a child could see coming as soon as Wallington gave the come-on line).

"Oh, my gosh!"

"Yep, that really was terrible, but don't get discouraged. Give the guy a chance."

"Sounds lousy to me."

(Gag that once made George Washington groan).

"Phew! Say, Cantor seems to be off his stride tonight. But you really want to wait until he gets going."

"Let's get a good orchestra."

"No; wait now. Don't go getting impatient. I'm telling you Eddie is funny."

(Three quips in quick succession all suffering from undernourishment and hardening of the arteries).

"Lousy."

"Yeah, I admit it, but you got to concede he gets 'em off well, considering—"

"I don't know about that—"

"Really this fellow Cantor is swell; no kidding. Last week he just about had us falling off our chairs. Honest he did. Anyhow it's not his fault if his gag men fall down on him. I'm telling you last week he was a panic."

"Uh huh."

"Aw heck, you're in a bad mood. You wouldn't laugh for a hundred bucks. But, no kidding; last week—"

—Parke Cummings.

RADIO comedians are now operating on the tennis trophy system. After they pull the same gag three times it becomes their permanent possession.

We are waiting for some worn-out radio listener to write the Great American Protest—"I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Broadcast."

# St. Valentine, Inc.

LADIES and Gentlemen, step to the counter—  
Ten cents apiece for a lithographed dove!

Ladies and Gentlemen, step to the counter—

Commerce needs Cupid to profit from love.

Here is a glamorous lithographed potion

Helping the amorous with their devotion.

Love gives a shove to commercial promotion—

Cupid and Commerce must work hand in glove.

Ladies and Gentlemen, step to the counter—

Ten cents apiece for a lithographed dove!

Ladies and Gentlemen, step to the counter—

Valentine candy, a dollar a pound!

Ladies and Gentlemen, step to the counter—

Candy that's dandy and widely renowned.

No heart's so broken that bon bons can't mend it;

Purchase a token and hopefully send it;

What good is money if honey won't spend it?

Money, it's funny, makes Cupid go 'round.

Ladies and Gentlemen, step to the counter—

Valentine candy, a dollar a pound!

Ladies and Gentlemen, step to the counter—

WE pile up profits when YOU fall in love!

Ladies and Gentlemen, step to the counter—

Step up politely, take care not to shove.

Love, when ignited, is joyous, gigantic;

But love unrequited can drive lovers frantic.

"Buy Something New" is the clue to romantic

Yearning and burning, so Heavens above,

Ladies and Gentlemen, step to the counter—

WE pile up profits when YOU fall in love!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.



"You dumb cluck!"



## IN MY MUSTACHE CUPS

By Jefferson Machamer



MOST columnists and critics give me a pain in the—the—the neck! Their wisecracking and high-handed picking are, I think, responsible in a wall-losing measure for present economic, spiritual and decadent conditions. A critic cannot possibly represent mass inclinations—he assumes a most phoney intellectual leadership—he sets out, primarily, not to instruct readers to like or dislike a thing but to build a fan following for himself. That is tearfully wrong. The men who have injected jazz into column conducting have perfected the devastating force of the wisecrack until, as in the case of Rockefeller Center-Radio City, it can wreck what some minds regard as magnificence! Columnists and critics, you know the type I mean, should be run through the presses which print their stuff!

And yet, being a columnist and critic must be high fun—so I'm going to be one of them!

I shall try to be different from others of my ilk—I won't interview Spring's first robin, I'll question the last one to go South in Winter. As a mettrafact I did! I passed under a tree and then went back to bawl out the bird and I saw it was a robin. *Middle January and a robin!!*

"What you doin' here?" I said.

"Um the last robin to go South," it said.

"Why?" I said.

"Radio City," it said. By this time I'd gotten the idea for interviewing the last robin to go South in Winter.

"Will you peep for publication?"

"Yeah!" it said. "A few of us, fifty thousand or so, have been roosting and eavesdropping around the Metropolitan Museum and we're fed up! The building's pretty low and since most of us fly high to protect our food we agreed Radio City would be a better Sanctuary

—particularly the R.K.O. Roxy Movie Theater. The rest of the birds appointed me to linger and negotiate. Roxy's pretty sure that along about April the building can be let as a Sanctuary. Certain characteristics of the place appeal to practically all us birds. You take pigeons—pigeons only coo, and other birds that really sing get on pigeons' nerves. Pigeons, then, can sit in the soundproof auditorium of the theater. Why, the very first week of the theater there were pigeons on the bill. They flew out over the audience and the pigeons were crazy about it. Most of the foyer statues will be turned over to woodpeckers for redoing—I've arranged for all that.

We will waste absolutely nothing in Radio City. The N.B.C. aerials will be the largest bird perches in the world. Practically every pipe in the organ has been leased to canaries who will make their summer resonances there. I've arranged for two ushers to remain on after it becomes a Sanctuary. We were only going to have one usher, but he wanted company. The ushers will seed us. There will be one elevator operator, too, who will meet us on the top floor, providing we arrive in flocks of not less than thirty. I'm just this minute leaving for the South. They've turned the Poinciana over to us in Palm Beach—promised to leave a window open. S'long. See you in the Spring!"



I TRIED seven times to get seats down front at "Dinner at Eight"—(By the way, James Rennie informs me that the London production will be known as "Dinner at Eight-Thirty" because of the later eating hour there!)—and I had offered a speculator eleven dollars a ticket, even though I knew I was breaking the law! Finally I went direct to Edna Ferber and asked if I might have one seat at the dinner table on the stage. She wanted to know what I'd pay and I asked what sort of dinner they were serving. We finally agreed on the regular two-dollar dinner and I saw the show as a paying guest.

The play was so absorbing that I had three helpings of papier-mâché peas!

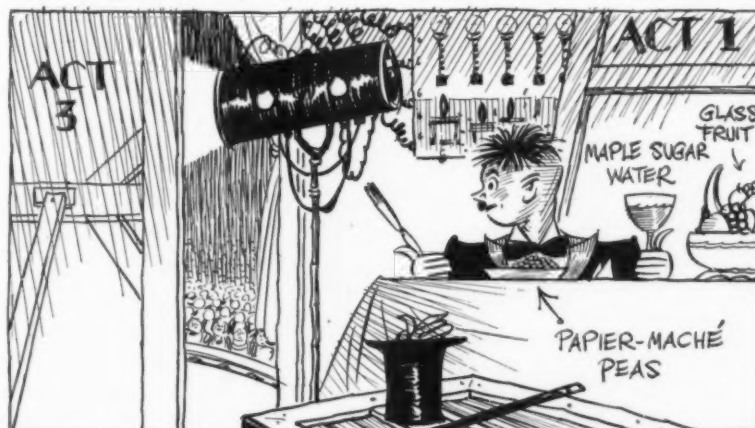
Heretofore, when I've seldom gone into Lord & Taylor's, I'd slink up to a floorwalker and practically swoon in his arms and mumble,

"Where's the silk panties department—or silk stockings or something!!" But the other day I whammed into the store, clenched the lapels of a creased gentleman and detonated, "Where are the Romanoff Jewels!?"

I was directed to the Georgian Room on the seventh floor. In the Georgian Room, my waxed mustaches stiff and stabbing, I said to a tall, red-finger-nailed, exquisitely constructed Brunette—"Could I see something in about a six'n'seven-eighths coronet with not too many rubies?"

"Veddy soddy, sir—we have no coronets," she royaled. "Possibly you might be interested in an egg?"

"An EGG!?" I scrambled.



At last I get a seat for "Dinner at Eight"!





Instead of interviewing Spring's first robin, I questioned the last one to go South for the Winter!

"Yes—an egg! A Romanoff egg—gold lined and inlaid with pearls, rubies, diamonds, sapphires—"

"No thanks! Don't care for diamond studded ulcers!"

But she insisted and I found myself looking at a tray of just such eggs—at about \$4,000 per dozen. It seems the Romanoffs did nothing but give highly distastefully decorated Easter eggs to friends and relatives. And inside the eggs, Catherine the Great or somebody would cram teeny-weeny solid gold books on whose ivory pages would be miniatures of the whole Romanoff family—except the boy-friend, Rasputin! I can't describe any one particular egg—none really stood out like some regular eggs do!

Leaving the store, without being searched, I felt the lack of thrill—but I can't wait until Weber & Heilbroner exhibit and sell, in their Duce Room, Mussolini's collection of old riding pants!

I HAD a terrible experience at the Automobile show—I mean an experience that put a droop in the waxed mustache ends! I never knew till then that automobile salesmen knew anything about used human beings! I looked pretty nice sauntering around the show—I was in evening dress, top hat even. I spent most of my time tipping the hoods of nothing under eight cylinders, clenching the sides of great town cars and shaking them for rattles,

worrying attendants by prying out windshield wipers and letting them snap back against the glass and talking out loud while the automobile show was on! I went from exhibit to exhibit and reeked with better business conditions. But the only salesman who approached me and went through his scene was a Chevrolet fella! This is no arrangement of Chevrolet, rather it is something Chevrolet should be proud of. I was a Chevrolet owner for months—until they took it away from me. Chevrolet knew at a furtive glance that I was a pedestrian who just came in out of the chill night to lean on a radiator. As always, I think I can get another year out of the old Fifth Avenue bus!

JUST think, while you are reading this I'll be bag-stuffing for Palm Beach. I wonder how conditions are down there. The ads look pretty good and Arthur Hand's Colony Club will be open and I suppose the boy who

pedals my annual wheel-chair has been in vigorous training. And after about six days of being entertained six times a day, I shall be pointed out on the beach as, "Death Taking a Holiday"!

Next month I shall be bitter about everything. You can hardly wait!!

### The Lost Battalion

THE potted palms directly north Of Rockefeller's Fifty-Fourth Street residence are healthy plants. A rather bustling elegance Is theirs. Each frond gleams bright and bold

And puts me in a mind to scold The sullen ivy which, God wot, I try to nurture in its pot Upon my mantelpiece. Now why Should all the frantic efforts I Lavish upon my slothful weed Go so consistently to seed?

—Margaret Fishback.





## PAUL WHITEMAN

## The King is Dead; Long Live the Dean!



THEY'VE been burying Paul Whiteman ever since he hit New York twelve years ago. When he swept the town off its feet in 1920 at the Palais Royale, wisecracks nodded sagely and grumbled "Hecan'tlast." When he invaded Carnegie Hall for his "First Experiment in American Music," they said he and his crazy Gershwin music were a flash in the pan. After the Euro-

pean tour, word went around that he was on the toboggan. When he finished his picture, *The King of Jazz*, they said he was tottering.

Now, curiously enough, after fourteen years of bandmastering, Whiteman is more in the money than ever. But his reign as King of Jazz has not been without its embarrassing interludes; he played a dance date in Gorham, N. H. in 1928 at which three couples appeared. Nor has it lacked in regal splendor; he was fêted by the Prince of Wales while in London.

TO his first dance band Whiteman brought a background of musical experience that included viola playing with the San Francisco Symphony and strange musical adventures along the Barbary coast. Along this sinister shore in the hazy atmosphere of cheap honky-tonks were heard the first wisps of what was later known as jazz. In 1918 he left Mare Island, where he'd been a Navy band leader, to recruit his first dance orchestra. He took it to the Hotel Alexandria, Los Angeles, and began to attract attention. It was here that Charlie Chaplin took a turn at the baton and Wallie Reid occasionally sat in at the drums.

But the Whiteman rumor was seeping eastward, and it was short-

ly followed by the Whiteman band, first to Atlantic City's Hotel Ambassador, then to the gay Palais Royale on Broadway. Once arrived in New York, he lost no time in doing some of the things that may have raised jazz music to the status of an art. His introduction of the saxophone awakened the profession to the full possibilities of that instrument. He led the vanguard in the use of arrangers, who brought the resources of symphonic orchestration to dance music, and put an end to the every-man-for-himself era. His first Victor records appeared, he played the Palace Theatre and tackled that new-fangled radio gadget over in Newark, which is now WJZ.

Whiteman is a stickler for rehearsal, a hard but inspiring taskmaster. He leads conservatively and features his entertainers. In so doing he has "made" a long list of luminaries, and many such as Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, and Red Nichols have successfully struck out for themselves. He indulges in temperament no more than the annoyances of a terrific schedule demand. He divides his time between his Spanish apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, his offices at the Biltmore Hotel where he plays for dinner and supper, and the National Broadcasting studios. He might also be found at the Victor recording plant, the Times Square studios for new talent auditions, or one of the Loew theatres, where he

sometimes plays four shows a day. The weekly Sunday concert on a national chain takes preparation, long rehearsal, and advance planning. Monday commercials and various sustaining spots keep the men busy. Often they are missing meals and scurrying from a movie house appearance

to the Biltmore. Paul is bedevilled by songpluggers, publicity men and social requests. He will throw up his hands in dismay when his press agent, Pete Morgan, approaches with a fresh batch of interviewers. His agent Jack Lavin, and Secretary Trudy Sweitzer are feverishly busy at all times. Paul would like to spend more time at home, or do more driving in the country, or spend a few weeks on his Denver ranch with his parents. But there's another Carnegie concert to plan, the offer from the Edgewater Beach Hotel for an engagement during the Chicago Fair, and a hundred fresh problems on the docket.

WHITEMAN is a fastidious dresser and a terrible golfer. His weaknesses are cigarette cases and automobiles. It is estimated that he has invested over a quarter of a million dollars in cars, buying them in pairs. One of his favorite cigarette cases, a silver one, is covered with jeweled tokens from friends. On it there is a rocking chair from Mildred Bailey, a Christmas tree from the band, and a few bars of the Rhapsody, in diamonds, from Gershwin.

Before arising he must have several cups of black coffee. He refuses to ride in crowded elevators, dislikes sea and air travel, and avoids great heights. His pet names for co-workers are amusing and likeable. Ferde Grofe is always "the Bald Eagle", Margulis is



"Who is this guy Whiteman?"





*"Emmett! Tell the driver we're getting off this minute!"*

"Muggles", and Mrs. Whiteman is "Marmaduke." He originates a good many of the musical gags, and sometimes affects an entertaining, half-kidding Broadway patter. Money goes as easily as it comes. He drives wildly himself, but can't stand a reckless taxi driver. His generosity is a legend in the trade. When Bix Beiderbecke went into delirium Paul sent him home to recover, with pay. When he closed his Broadway offices in 1928 he destroyed a deskful of IOU's. Although he may dislike a man, he will never fire him. He never knocks anyone.

WHITEMAN'S one venture in the production of motion pictures resulted in the highest salaried loaf in the history of the business. The boys wound up in Hollywood after 54 weeks of barnstorming the country on a Publix Theatres engagement. The Universal studios were trying to make something out of *The King of Jazz* script. Except for one hour weekly for Columbia Broadcasting Company, the entire band went scot-free for several months, while the payroll of \$9,200 a week continued with comfortable regularity. Here Paul tangled in cinema red tape, conferred with the feverish Laemmles, worked on rehashing the whole continuity, drove a large phaeton about Los Angeles, lay on Santa Monica sands, and visited with movie friends.

The delay in the picture was costly, what with other companies pushing the frantic musicals that so unbalanced Hollywood. *The King of Jazz* was a hodge-podge of fakes, doubles, ill-

assorted shots, and experiments, but not without its wonderful music and exceptional effects in extravagant presentation.

After the long and profitable sojourn on the West Coast, Whiteman came east for the opening of the picture at the Roxy in New York, and plunged anew into his schedule of overwork.



*"Fortunately, the decree gave me complete control of the children."*

Through it all, the Whiteman physique was expanding with the Whiteman fortunes, until Paul decided to call a halt, and dropped 120 pounds in a year.

PARTLY as a publicity phrase and partly because he has held his own for more than a decade in a business that makes and breaks favorites overnight, Whiteman is called King of Jazz. Recently an office memo went out from NBC headquarters to the effect that Paul Whiteman was no longer to be referred to as the KING OF JAZZ. Publicity and continuity writers had mercilessly overworked the phrase. Hereafter, it is to be "The Dean Of Modern American Music." Paul had so wished. NBC obeyed.

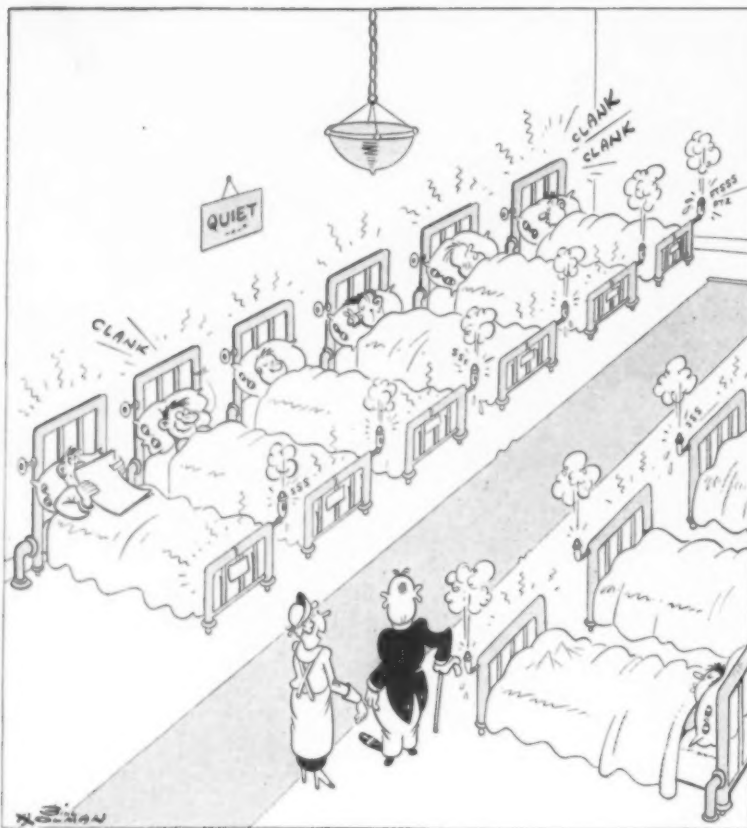
—Joe Thompson.





Sinbad . . . Winter Sports





"We had the radiators taken out."

## SERVICE

If a person called by telephone in Switzerland is not at home the telephone company will accept a message to be delivered when he returns.

—News item.

THE American Telephone & Telegraph Company and its subsidiaries adopt the same plan—

(Scene: Subscriber returns home. Telephone rings.)

SUBSCRIBER: Hello.

OPERATOR: Is that you, Mr. Schwartz?

SUBSCRIBER: None other.

OPERATOR: Well, thank goodness! Where HAVE you been the last half hour? We've been ringing and ringing.

SUBSCRIBER: I was down at the Chinaman's with some of my laundry. I was running low in underwear.

OPERATOR: Guess who called while you were away.

SUBSCRIBER: Clara Bow.

OPERATOR: Oh, do be serious, Mr. Schwartz.

SUBSCRIBER: The Fuller brush man.

OPERATOR: You're not even warm.

SUBSCRIBER: I give up.

OPERATOR: The widow!

SUBSCRIBER: Not really!

OPERATOR: Honestly! You could have knocked us over with a feather.

SUBSCRIBER: Well, I should think so. What did she want?

OPERATOR: She wants you to come over tonight.

SUBSCRIBER: Good Lord! We're not even speaking.

OPERATOR: That's what we thought. I told the chief operator: 'There's something funny about this'.

SUBSCRIBER: What time did the widow say?

OPERATOR: She said anytime, although she hoped you could get there before eleven. She said she'd wait up for you.

SUBSCRIBER: I don't like the sound of THAT!

OPERATOR: Well, neither did we. She sounded as though she had been drinking.

SUBSCRIBER: You ought to have seen her at the Polo Club Saturday night. Stiff! They carried her home at 9 o'clock.

OPERATOR: She'll come to no good end, mark my words.

SUBSCRIBER: Well, thanks for the information.

OPERATOR: Mr. Schwartz?

SUBSCRIBER: Yes?

OPERATOR: You're not going to go, are you?

SUBSCRIBER: Oh, I don't know. I don't think there would be any great harm in it. I guess I can take care of myself all right.

OPERATOR: You know what happened to that poor Mr. Henderson over on the Prospect exchange last month. He got a call like that and two weeks later the newspapers were running his



"Reporting a pillow fight in 212."





picture. Front page in the tabloids, and all. You remember?

SUBSCRIBER: You mean "Silk Pajama" Henderson, the Shoe Lace King!

OPERATOR: Exactly.

SUBSCRIBER: Oh, I don't think anything like that will happen. She's just lonely. I'll look in for a minute or two, then leave.

OPERATOR: Well, it's your life. Goodbye.

(The subscriber slips into his dinner jacket. The telephone rings again.)

SUBSCRIBER: Hel-lo.

OPERATOR: This is the chief operator, Mr. Schwartz. Now—about that widow matter.

SUBSCRIBER: Now, don't you girls worry your pretty little heads about that!

OPERATOR: I only thought you would like to know that the widow has left a message for her brother, too.

SUBSCRIBER: Ah.

OPERATOR: She wants him to come over tonight.

SUBSCRIBER: Ho.

OPERATOR: She said she'd leave the key under the mat.

SUBSCRIBER: Hmmm.

OPERATOR: She said for him to walk in about 11:30 without knocking.

SUBSCRIBER: Well. I'm much obliged, I'm sure. I'm VERY much obliged.

OPERATOR: Oh, that's all right. Just part of the service of the telephone company. And, Mr. Schwartz . . .

SUBSCRIBER: Yes?

OPERATOR: There will be a 25-cent charge.

—Doug Welch.

### The Peregrinations of a Rockefeller Dime

10 a.m.—Oil magnate presents it to newspaper photographer.

10:30—Photographer uses it for carfare, and it goes into coffers of railroad company in which John D. is a stockholder.

12:30 p.m.—Railroad employee deposits it in bank, of which Mr. Rockefeller is a director.

2 p.m.—Paymaster of large company draws it in firm's payroll.

6 p.m.—Laborer takes it from pay envelope to buy Socony kerosene.

7 p.m.—Grocer uses it in paying for Socony gasoline.

9 a.m.—Service station employee takes it back to bank.

9:45—Secretary gives it to John D., along with a flock of other dimes.

10 o'clock—Oil magnate presents it to girl golfer. —Jack Devine.



"Don't comrade me! I'm waiting for a Fifth Avenue bus!"



## The Hit-and-Run Thinker

*Technocracy Analyzed and Frisked*

By Benjamin DeCasseres

**W**E had Bimetallism, Nudism, the New Humanism and Relativity. Now the Idea Racketeers have invented Technocracy. Sieving this last word, we have "technical crazy." Put the two words together again and wire for sound and you have a national commotion.

Technocracy has swept the country like the old dollar watch did in 1884. Every man, woman and editor is seeking the kernel and the nerts of the matter.

The words the Technocrats use are more heavily whiskered than a lecture by Einstein to a secret session of grave and reverend fossils. Lather and clip some of these words with the razor of common-sense and you have what's left of a tenor after you remove his larynx:

nothing. For a week I have surrounded myself with books, pamphlets and magazines expounding Technocracy until my brain is a sea of prune-juice floating in a brass boiler. My wife has a nut-house ambulance waiting outside. My Energy Determinants and Decision Arrivations have dwindled to one flea-power. But I have, in lucid spells, knocked off these facts about the New Hoocy:

It seems that one Howard Scott is the Grand Cockarouse of the new social pick-me-up, bolus, porous plaster, or whatever Technocracy is. But Howard is only a collateral descendant of the real Columbus of the idea, who was one Thorstein Veblen—but we all know what collateral is worth nowadays.

But let's dig deeper—maybe we can hit the Mother Lode of Bull Quartz in this Great Idea, the oil in the Technocrats' cocoanuts, the very nut in the husk.

Life from now on in this country—if the Techs win out—will be just one damn engineer after another. We just voted a Great Engineer out of the White House. Now the engineers propose to do away with the White House!

The machines are getting ahead of man. They are taking his jobs away. The Technocrats, therefore, propose that the country shall be run like a factory. But who is going to run the Technocrats? Themselves, of course. They are the new Wisenheimers of the race.

**W**ELL, you see that no matter how thin you slice it, it's the same old dog-meat. We are merely going to get a new gang of casting directors under another name.

When the energy values of machines are controlled, men, according to Pundit Scott and his mahatmas, will only work four hours a day, five days a week. The rest of the time they may do as the casting directors order. Instead of a moneyed leisure class, we shall have a bumming class.

The "price-system" is to be destroyed by these masters of steam-heated thinking. All bonds, all debts, all banks will disappear. And when things are perfected under this grand scheme of Technocracy we'll have nothing to worry over. That will kill the greatest diversion of the human race. For worry is the mother of movement. We'll stagnate with happiness.

Scott says, "Technocracy proposes no solution." Well, then, let's all go home and say it was a grand party—just another idea-souse.



*"Oatmeal for the Herald-Tribune and hot cakes for the Times."*

**T**HE congressional method of solving a question is to discuss it from all angles until they arrive at a complete misunderstanding.



# The Changing Fauna of the Arctic

Some Recent Developments in Adaptation

by DR. SEUSS



ADAPTATION FOR LARYNGEAL PROTECTION  
*The Muffler-throated Nigget.*



ADAPTATION FOR SELF-PRESERVATION  
*An ingenious tendency in posterior design, enabling a hunted beast to pass himself off as a Snow Man.*



ADAPTATION FOR  
SPORTING REASONS



ADAPTATION JUST AS A GESTURE  
*Showing what happens when a Walrus gets jealous of Skis.*





VOL. 100

*"While There's Life, There's Hope"*

NUMBER 2575

### At the Bed-Side of the World

THERE was indignation in Congress at the action of the French Chamber of Deputies in declining to make a payment due to the United States on December 15th. Some of the Congressmen and Senators talked with much heat about it and that was natural enough because an occasion does not often offer for the gentlemen who compose the Congress of the United States to look with hearty disapproval on the action of gentlemen who compose the popular branch of some other government. Some of the members of our Congress talked about reprisals and roared in accents of wrath as though the Congress of the United States has never done anything foolish.

But why so hot, gentlemen? Has the Congress of the United States never done anything foolish? Did it pass the Prohibition bill? Did it pass the last tariff bill? Did it yield to the clamors of the Legionnaires for provisions for their fiscal enlargement which are calculated to reach in due time the sum of eighty-six billion dollars? Does our Congress never make a spectacle of itself?

It is a pity the French Chamber did not pay, but wisdom will not die with the dissolution of popular assemblies. They are all valuable as furnishing details of process. Almost all of them, perhaps all of them, do things right by first doing them wrong and observing the results. The French Chamber has pictured France as defaulting on a payment of less than twenty million

dollars and that without the excuse of being unable to pay. That is a pity of course, a pity for France. It may be corrected before these words reach their readers, but anyhow it is all in the day's work. Everything about these War debts must be viewed philosophically. We might perhaps have done better to let them all slide as England wished to do, if only by so doing we



UNCLE SAMSON

A punch from Punch, England (reprinted by special permission)

could have helped Europe to her feet and revived the business of the world including our own, but that is not the way things are being done in this curious period we are passing through. Ever since the War we have been experimenting on how not to do it.

Mr. Hearst, with due concurrence of Mr. Brisbane, thinks we should never have got into the War. They count up how much it cost and how much trouble it has made and on the day of the French default the Hearst papers reprinted some of Mr. Hearst's remarks made a year and a half ago about the moratorium. Discussing the moratorium Mr. Hearst said:

"The nations of Europe were in dire distress during the late Great War.

"The Allies asked financial and military aid from the United States. The Allies sent delegations to the United States speaking literally these words:

"Our backs are against the wall—come to our aid and come quickly."

"The United States came to the aid of the Allies with money and men.

"It loaned the Allies money they needed to prosecute the war and without that money they could not have effectually continued the war.

"And in addition to the billions loaned the Allies, America spent billions on its own armies.

"Those American armies decided the outcome of the War—they saved England—they saved France—they saved Italy and the minor Allies from German domination.

"The Allies realized it at the time and acknowledged it at the time and at the time professed eternal gratitude and eternal remembrance."

THAT is the story except that England at least would have saved herself from a period of German domination whether we got into the War or not, but as to France and Italy one cannot say. It is true, however, that the intervention of the United States was much appreciated and it was considerably effective in inducing the German soldiers to excuse themselves from France and the other frontiers and go home.

That was the big job that we went into the War for. Germany got out of hand and had to be repressed.

The job of repression was terrific, but it was accomplished and the intrusion of the United States in the third year of the War was very useful not only to the Allies but to the United States. It was an exceedingly developing experience. It was an exhibition of power,

(Concluded on page 39)





GROUNDED!



POLLY

Who is Beeps About Going Places

H M-MM-MM!! Such simply swell winter sports clothes this year—I've got to begin thinking of Lake Placid 'n' skating, Quebec 'n' beer, Palm Beach 'n' men! I'm going to do the stores today and pick my things! I saw the first robin fly South long ago!"



"Ob — madame — you say this is worn under the skiing suit! I thought it looked sorta influenzial for snow! Gimme the pants! I hold the Park Avenue Ski Jump Record—eight feet on a piece of cracked ice!"



"Pardon me—I'm looking for the escalator—I wanta get the sensation of descent in this suit! Could you arrange to have the escalator speeded up a bit?"



"I just adore this skating suit! Sorry I had to try on twelve before I found it! Mind if I skid around the floor? If you move that glass skate show-case I can get along slide and end up in a figure eight!"



"I could wear this, I suppose, in Cannes—at a table of a sidewalk café. I love Continental men! They see whether you have ee-yah right away! When a Frenchman is beeps about you the danger is delicious!"

"Just imagine, Mr. Floor-walker, that we are on the Prado in Havana and I floated along in this—would it buzz you? If you have an electric fan around, turn it on and let me walk toward it—a breeze makes pyjamas so much snappier!"

"Could you direct me to the travel department? All I have to do now is talk daddy into a trip!"

"This would be nice around the Breakers Casino in Palm Beach—the blue in the ocean would bring me out dandy—I mean just standing near this water cooler gives you an idea! I love the baphazard freedom of Southern clothes!"

"You oughta have sawdust on the floor of this department. One must really lie down in a bathing suit to get its reaction! You oughta put in sun-arc lamps, too—and a coupla life-guards to flirt with! You can have those suggestions!"

PETERSON MACAMER



## FROM ME TO YOU

By MARGE

THIS is quite the month we have ahead of us, what with Abe Lincoln's and G. Washington's birthdays and Valentine Day on the calendar. We all know, of course, that the first two are very important dates, but I don't think many of us realize just how awfully important the last one can be.

The thing is, Valentine Day is only as big as you make it. And, since this priceless opportunity to send anonymous messages to people comes but once a year, I think we should all get together and figure how we can squeeze the most juice out of it.

Why not send some really improving Valentines this year? Something hot and to the point! All you need is a pen, paper, and a list of your friends' faults. Is there something about your boyfriend that you don't like but yet can't quite bring yourself to mention? Well, girls, here's your chance to put over a snappy sermon without danger of getting a sock in the eye!

Take my own case, for example. There is a lad of my acquaintance who is really an awfully sweet person, but I feel that both he and I are going to be greatly benefited by his receiving the

following message on Valentine Day:

*"For gosh sakes get rid  
Of that green velour lid!"*

Or supposing you are one of these unfortunate women whose Big Moment looks like a farmer, even though he works no nearer to Mother Earth than the fortieth floor of the Empire State. With a man like that, a verse like this should do wonders:

*"Brother, you would have more lure  
If you would get a manicure!"*

Why, gosh, one real pungent Valentine can even change the whole course of a person's life! The other day I heard about a girl who has been going with a man for fifteen years, and he hasn't yet spoken of marriage. With my method, this sort of thing never could have happened. If, after a few fruitless seasons, that girl had sent him a Valentine on this order,

*"If you don't pop the question soon,  
Walter,  
We'll both be too old to stagger to the altar,"*

she would now be happily clasping their offspring to her Bosom, instead of sadly shooing the moths away from her Hope Chest.

The only trouble with the above poem is that his name isn't Walter, but any woman with enough persistence to keep going with the same man for fifteen years should certainly be able to figure out some way to get it to rhyme, even though his name is Ebenezer.

Now, having given the girls a few pointers, I should probably turn to and assist the boys a bit. But who am I to be helping the men? As it is, I'm looking forward to my incoming mail on



*"That's the fifth she's had  
today about her legs!"*

the fourteenth with fear and trembling.

However, I will make an exception of a special case that's been bothering me. That of a meek, squashed lad I know who is enmeshed in the toils of a big, brunette, Tarzan type of woman. A sad case. So I am writing for him this little quadruplet:

*"I cannot feel pash  
About your mustash.  
I'd just as soon rush  
A Fuller brush!"*

And here's hoping he'll send it to her and give her a jolt.

WELL, folks, you must surely by now see how simple and easy my method is. And what fun! Grab this chance to relieve your mind in a big way, and at the same time do a lot of good. What matter if you are not a poet? At a time like this, we are all inspired.

So altogether now, folks, let's make this a real practical and improving Valentine Day. Remember, you get the results, and the postman takes all the risk!

### Unattractive Thoughts on a Great Cosmic Truth

I'VE many vitriolic hates—  
Roaches and bats, and making dates  
Ahead, also the I.R.T.—  
None of these things appeal to me.

Nor squash, nor people who are rude;  
Nor yet the ones who're extra good;  
Nor failing to obtain enough  
Attention from the guys I love.

All these seem unattractive to  
My way of thinking, but they do  
Not figure in a class nor hope  
To vie with wisps of hair on soap.

—Margaret Fishback.

*"I want something  
real nasty for a boy  
who smokes a pipe in  
an Austin sedan!"*





When Too Much Food...Too Much Tobacco

# "GETS" YOU

Just Try This...Results Will Surprise You



## How by Doing One Simple Thing, You Can Minimize the After-Effects of Too Much Food—Too Much Tobacco—To a Remarkable Degree

Modern science now throws a new light on the problem of overindulgence—eating too much, smoking too much, drinking unwisely. A way that millions are learning. And millions doing.

What you do is this:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water before bed."

"TAKE—2 tablespoons of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of the liquid Milk of Magnesia.

Tomorrow you'll feel great. Science says it is the *Quickest, Simplest and Easiest* way to overcome the effects of too much smoking, eating, drinking known.

### How It Works

Results are quick and sure because this

small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to *alkalize* the system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the bad after-effects of too much smoking or other overindulgence.

It sweetens and purifies your stomach. Banishes the acid headache, sour stomach, deadly depression that mark the price of immoderations.

### Take Every Night

Every person who smokes excessively should know this. And never go to bed without taking this minute quantity of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia before. And every person who lives too well—over-indulges—should never forget it.

Try it—once. Feel how clear your head feels the next day—how free you

are from head-dullness and depression. You will be amazed.

When you buy, be sure you get the **REAL** article—Genuine *Phillips'* Milk of Magnesia. Always ask for it by the name Phillips—for all "milk of magnesia" is not alike in effect. So take care to see you get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the kind doctors endorse; *judged the most powerful neutralizer of stomach acids known.*

### ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



## PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a Few Minutes After Taking.







# FLORIDA

LAND OF SUNSHINE AND HAPPINESS

Rates Now \$2<sup>00</sup> up and \$2<sup>50</sup> up  
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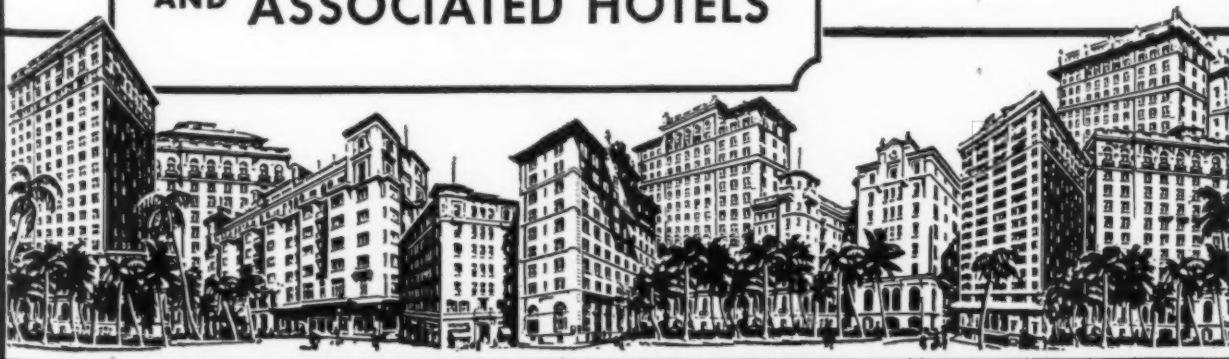


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# THE THEATRE

By DON HEROLD

## Shoetopia

WHAT this country needs is more good hoofing.

You don't think there was any sense or salvation in anything that Hoover or Roosevelt said in the last campaign or that there will be any heads-or-tails to anything anybody says in the next session of Congress, do you?

I've just come from Fred Astaire's show, *Gay Divorce*, and I'm convinced that the greatest mistake we human beings ever made was when we started to think with our heads instead of with our feet. We build complicated structures of business and government which we don't begin to understand and which topple over on us every few years and make us look like saps.

It is my conviction that we won't get anywhere at all until we go back to some of the simple animal accomplishments that God gave us—such as our ability to hoof and warble.

Let's dismiss Congress, scrap the navy, can our diplomats . . . and turn things over to Fred Astaire and his co-foot-workers.

*Gay Divorce* is an "intimate" musical comedy, which usually means that the producer has saved himself \$40,000 on the production, but in this case nothing is missing, and Fred Astaire is present. I may be a raving maniac, but for me any show with Fred Astaire in it is, at the moment, the best show in town. Every dance he does is (for me) another Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

THE play itself isn't always as sophisticated as it hopes to be, but I don't care about that. It has, besides Master Fred, Claire Luce (and by the way, they're far too precious a pair of tootsie-wafters to risk their necks nightly in that trip over that sitting room table), Luella Gear (grand!), G. P. Huntley, Jr., and Betty Starbuck. Quit asking!

Even a trained seal is a finer work of the Lord than any Ambassador we

ever sent to London. And the man who first discovered that a seal can balance a rubber ball on its nose *may be* a bigger man than Columbus. ('Cause America would have been discovered eventually, anyway—worse luck!)

Yes sir, what this country needs is more dancing and more trained seals.

...

AND more Grace Moore singing.

I don't know much about music, but I know what I like: Grace Moore singing some of it. I don't know what there is so satisfactory about good singing, as an art. It's done while you wait, without tools or instruments and without benefit of erasure and correction. It is done with that same throat and those same tonsils which can be such a reflection on us if we get our feet wet. It's direct communication of one human



"I HAVE NO IDEAS ON THE TARIFF, BUT, MY FRIENDS, I ASK YOU TO LAMP THIS HOOFIN'!"

The future candidate for the Senate.

with another—even words don't mean anything in comparison with warbles.

So *The DuBarry* went over big with me. (It might better be called *Sold Down the River*; it's the life story of a gal who didn't want to go wrong, but who just got too many good offers—or bad offers, rather—to resist them.) There are many moments of dull cantata in it, and the songs come in kinda silly, but Grace Moore's singing and her radiance make you forgive everything.

There was a lot of engineering behind those huge hoop skirts of the old days . . . stresses and strains to figure . . . mathematics and metallurgy . . . as much as in the dirigibles Akron and Los Angeles.

...

With Fred Astaire in the White

House of my proposed Shoetopia, I think I should turn the entire Capitol over to the cast of *Shuffle Along* of 1933, colored revue, and let them solve things with their feet.

I'd rather trust *their* feet than most heads that are down there now.

It is my guess that when Einstein and other big brains arrive at the final answer, they will tell us that the colored race has had it all the time—that is, as much of an answer as anybody is going to get in this world. Mrs. Herold recently said that if, when she dies, our fine, sweet colored maid, Ada Tate, could just crawl in her coffin with her, everything would seem all right. They soothe, they're satisfied, and they satisfy. And the cast of *Shuffle Along* is satisfied, and they satisfy.

...

AFTER *Dear Jane*, I vowed I wouldn't go back to the Civic Repertory Theatre for a long, long time . . . maybe never.

But I did go back to *Alice in Wonderland*, expecting to stay about 20 minutes.

I stayed until 3 a.m., hoping they might repeat it if they caught me hanging around.

If I had only one show to see in New York this Winter, I believe I'd make it *Alice in Wonderland*.

The same Josephine Hutchinson who drove me away from *Dear Jane*, tearing where my hear used to be, plays Alice beautifully, sincerely, charmingly.

(She probably didn't like *Dear Jane* any better than I did.) Adaptation, playing, and everything are pleasing, and the costumes and scenery by Irene Sharoff in the pen-and-ink manner of Tenniel, and the masks by Remo Bufano, are marvelous.

The whole mad Alice affair seems so much more rational than this normal life that we live. Again I am convinced that the ultimate destiny of mankind is some sort of saving craziness which we have not yet glimpsed. With Fred Astaire's permission, I'd like to enlarge our administrative staff to include not only the cast of *Shuffle Along*, but also Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

...

One pestilential product of prohibition and of speakeasy dining is



# Buyers of Advertising Space

have a basis of comparison when they are evaluating newspaper and magazine advertising space.

According to a recent questionnaire, the five most important factors are:

1. Circulation
2. Editorial Content and Policies
3. Income and buying power of the reader
4. Reader Interest
5. Cost and Rates

Obviously mediums such as the buses, bill-boards, street cars, elevated and subways cannot be measured by the same yardstick.

As a basis for evaluating the space in the Fifth Avenue buses we offer the following suggestions:

1. Circulation—number of passengers carried during past twelve months—39,214,760 passengers inside and 19,607,380 upstairs.
2. Akin to editorial policies, a ten cent purchase of a clean, comfortable seated ride to the shopping district.
3. Passengers come from the best residential sections of New York City and include practically every visitor who comes to New York City.
4. Passengers are all seated and subconsciously they are continually getting impressions from the colored cards used by our advertisers—all cards being within easy vision.
5. A lower rate per thousand, with a guaranteed circulation, than is furnished by any other advertising medium except the subways and elevated.

NEW YORK CITY is the dominant retail market of the United States. No other market in the world is comparable as an outlet for almost every kind of product. The large group of people who make use of the Fifth Avenue buses during the year constitute the best gathered together by any one advertising medium, from the point of view of average purchasing power.

Bus passengers who use the buses daily pay \$60 a year to get to and from business three hundred days a year. They could save \$30 of this by using the street cars or subway.

The Fifth Avenue buses are carrying the highest grade national and local accounts. As an advertising medium they have been endorsed by the leading retail shops in the City of New York.

You can spend as little as \$100 a month, or up to \$4000 a month, and get as much for your dollar

as any other advertiser. All spaces are of equal size. The advertiser has the opportunity of using as many colors as he desires in his card, without extra charge for the space.

Let us tell you why you should give the last thought through the means of a card in the Fifth Avenue buses, to thousands of buyers whom we carry to the shopping district. We can show you that we delivered to one department store as many as 423,000 passengers in one year.

**JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.**

*Advertising Space in the  
Fifth Avenue Buses*

425 Fifth Avenue, New York City Telephone Caledonia 5-2151



that swarm of 9:15 arrivals at the theatre, who climb over your lap with breaths like blow-torches and a soft line of talk about being sorry. I think I would like these larvae better if they weren't so damned polite; I'd prefer it if they would just slip through and shut up about it.

• • •

IT is too bad that there can't be a rooting section in the theatre to encourage an almost perfect show to complete perfection. *Goodbye Again* carries the ball to the five-yard line again and again, but not quite over. It is gloriously delirious at times . . . fine fun.

Osgood Perkins is superb throughout; Sally Bates does steady work for the home team in every quarter; it is Katherine Squire who carries the ball the wrong way. (Good acting, but she is miscast.)

Perkins is an author on a lecture tour with his secretary plus. In Cleveland, an old college flame has tired of matrimony and wants to renew her college bonfire with Perkins. Here's the trouble! Miss Squire makes her much too mooney, mushy, gaunt and low-comedy to justify the secretary's jealousy and Perkins' interest in dropping her gently.

George Jean Nathan, sitting in front of me at *Goodbye Again*, laughed a number of times, and if he says he didn't . . .

And there was a man next to me who had on a dress shirt which, when he breathed, sounded like a haunted house.

• • •

A million dollars' worth of Ina Claire, is my review of the Theatre Guild's *Biography*. If Earle Larimore hadn't made the young radical such a nature-in-the-raw character, I might have liked the play a whole lot better. I just couldn't sympathize with Miss Claire's affection for this unbearable fire-eater. And though Jay Fasset did a good job of the politician, there was not much in the part to vindicate Miss Claire's tolerance of him. Maybe if I had more of the mother in me, I could be more generous with these intolerable men with whom women fall in love on the stage.

• • •

I advise you to take a bird dog or something with you to *Walk a Little Faster* to wake you up in time for the too infrequent appearances of Beatrice



"How can I go home? Nobody seems to know where I live."

Lillie and Clark & McCullough. When they're on it's hot; when they're not, it's cold.

I can't imagine the same producer producing both extremes of this show. He must have hired Lillie and C. & Mc. and then completed the cast with a lot of friends and relatives and names out of a hat.

But I am one who would go to the North Pole to see Beatrice Lillie and Bobby Clark in even a revival of *Abie's Irish Rose*, and if you feel that same way about them, you'll know what to do in this case.

• • •

I'm about to start a pretty serious movement to make 8:30 8:30.

• • •

A MADHOUSE on wheels is *Twentieth Century*. The action takes place on a trip of this w. k. choo-choo from Chi. to N. Y. (I ought to pan the show; what little r. r. stock I own is *Pennsylvania*; if somebody will put on a play called *Pennsylvania*, I'll puff it to the skies.) Eugenie (1000%) Leontovitch, Moffat

Johnson and others give recognizable 70 m. per hr. portraits of screen and stage celebs, including the Great Gabno and a blend of a certain erstwhile high-priest of hokum and an extant producer of the "great-honor-to-present" school. It's all wild fun, from the chalk of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur.

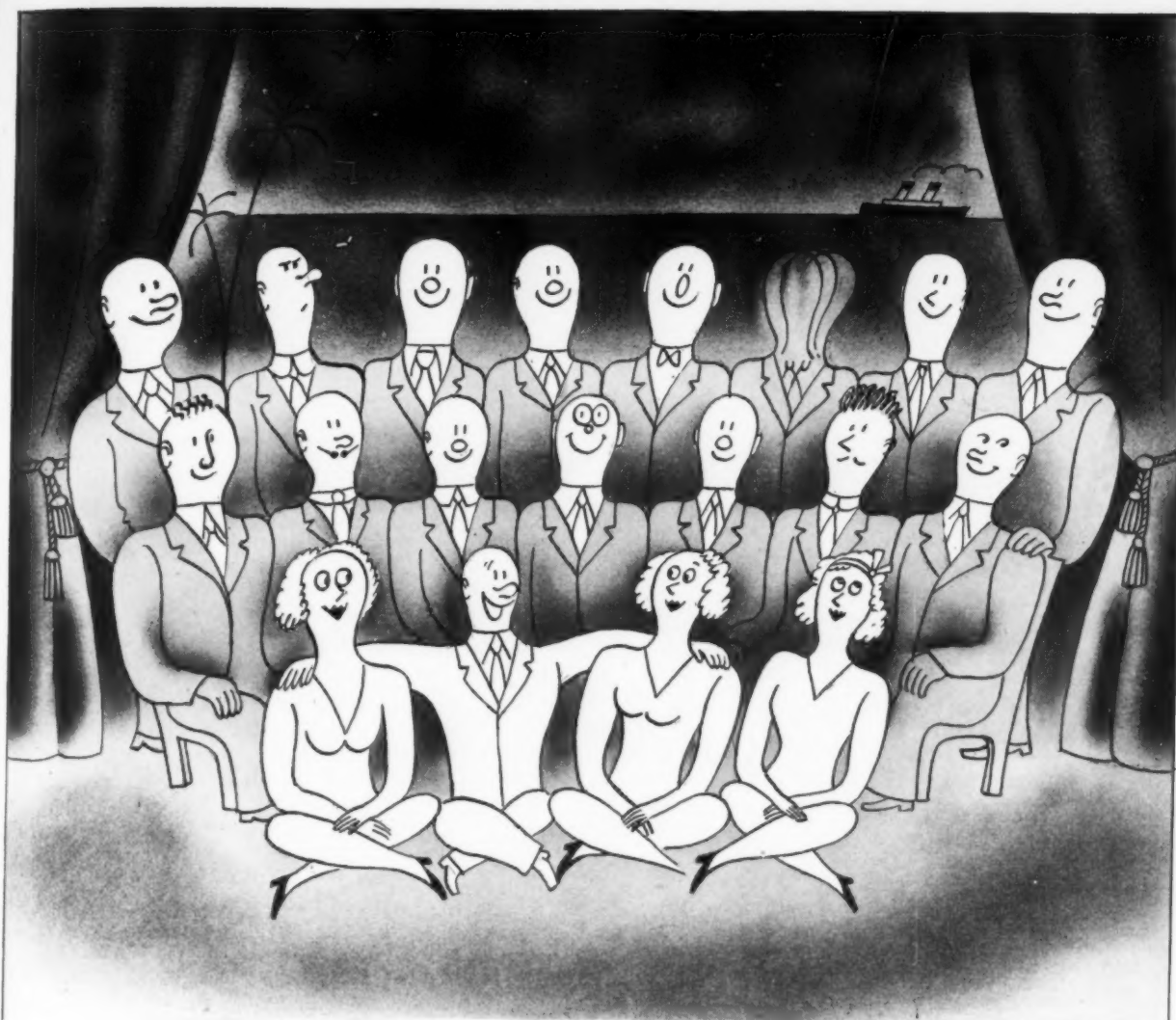
If I had a whistle as good as that, I'd stay home and blow it and never go anywhere and save a lot of money.

No better bargain in entertainment is to be found in town than the second edition of *George White's Varieties* in that tinsmith's tantrum, the Casino Theatre. It embraces a lot of things from ancient and more recent *Scandals*, but bargain hunters can't be snooty. The cast includes Bert Lahr, Harry Richman, the Howards, Tom Patricola and Eleanor Powell, and sometimes Odd McIntyre is in the fourth aisle seat on the left with a 150-pound raccoon coat in his lap.

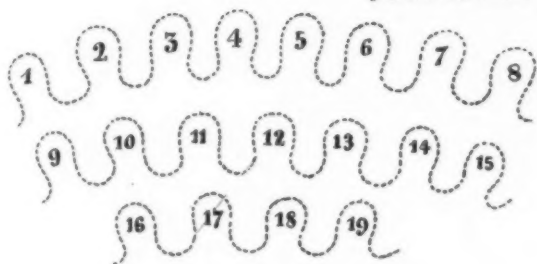
Another good buy is *Flying Colors* at a \$2 top.

The Puppet Show, 34 West 46, with 100 seats, puts on a better show than the Roxy Music Hall with 6,300 seats.





### JUST A BIG HAPPY FAMILY



#### Key

- |                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. PERCY CROSBY      | 10. JEFFERSON MACHAMER |
| 2. RUSSELL PATTERSON | 11. BERGSTROM          |
| 3. HARRY EVANS       | 12. HARRY HAENIGSEN    |
| 4. KEMP STARRETT     | 13. ARTHUR L. LIPPMAN  |
| 5. KYLE CRICHTON     | 14. ALBERT VIALÉ       |
| 6. OUR TREASURER     | 15. DR. SEUSS          |
| 7. DON HEROLD        | 16. MARGARET FISHBACK  |
| 8. ROBERT DAY        | 17. LESTER GABA        |
| 9. GARRETT PRICE     | 18. MARGE              |
|                      | 19. EDWINA             |

#### A few who didn't show up for the sitting:

DOROTHY MCKAY  
BILL HOLMAN  
WHITNEY DARROW, JR.  
SHERMUND  
PROFESSOR WILLIAMS

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!\*

VIALÉ

\*LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York  
Gentlemen: Please enter my (enclosed herewith) \$1.50  
subscription for 12 months at (kindly bill me  
(Canadian and Foreign \$2.10))

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

L-2





"Cheer up, doc; it isn't as bad as all that. I'll be up and around in no time!"



"Are you sure you want to part with this, lady?"



## New York Guide for Scotchmen

THIS list should be effectual  
To aid and to direct you all  
To the delights  
Of gratis sights  
Moral and intellectual.

The fish in the aquarium  
Are multiple and varium,  
And those who wish  
To visit fish  
Need pay no honorarium.

The splendid Metropolitan  
Is free, as I recall it, on  
Each day but Mon.  
—From Tue. to Sun.  
You needn't have your wallet on.

The Gardens Zoological  
Hold beasts and birds hodge-podgical.  
There is no charge  
While you enlarge  
Your knowledge pedagogical.

The Empire State's alpinity  
Is pretty near infinity  
Which you can see  
Without a fee\*  
When you're in this vicinity.

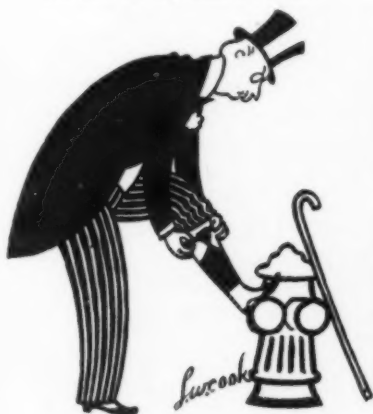
Libraries there are many of.  
You needn't spend a penny of  
Your hard earned gain  
To feed your brain  
If that's what you have any of.

We never spend our salaries  
For parks, museums, galleries.  
They're free! Their use  
Will not reduce  
Our dietary calories.

Free sights! New York has got of 'em  
A treasure and what-not of 'em.  
Oh, just no end!  
—I wouldn't spend  
A nickel for the lot of 'em!

—Berton Braley.

\*Unless, in some mad spendthrift hour  
You view the city from the Tower.



# "I like your cheek!"



*Face smooth all day long  
when you shave in the morning  
with small bubble lather!*

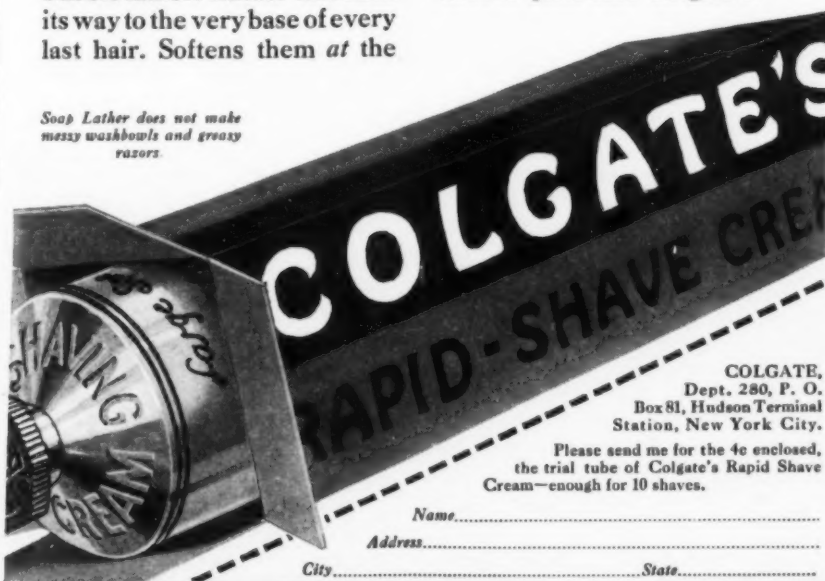
"Swell shave this morning, Jack"  
—you've heard that at 8 A. M.  
But when she says at 6 P. M.  
—"Did you get shaved this  
afternoon?" that's what a  
Colgate shave does for you.

Why? Here's why! Small  
bubble lather. Lather that finds  
its way to the very base of every  
last hair. Softens them at the

base where your razor takes  
them off. Leaves your face  
clean-feeling, clean-looking.

Try this Colgate shave to-  
morrow morning for a clean,  
well-groomed look tomorrow  
night. No other shave cream  
does it quite like Colgate's.

Soap Lather does not make  
messy washbowls and greasy  
razors.



COLGATE,  
Dept. 280, P. O.  
Box 81, Hudson Terminal  
Station, New York City.

Please send me for the 4c enclosed,  
the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave  
Cream—enough for 10 shaves.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# THE MOVIES

By HARRY EVANS

THE business of gazing in retrospect at the past year has become so much of a habit with movie critics that they couldn't help doing it if they wanted to. And, of course, they want to gaze in retrospect because it gives them an opportunity to express a whole mess of opinions at one sitting. For instance, as you think back on the Movies of 1932—if you ever do—and why should you?—you may be struck most forcibly by the fact that you are not struck by anything.

You'll be amazed as all get-out to find that 1932 considered from the standpoint of a "motion picture year", will leave you quite cold. Ah! But that is because you are not a movie critic (God forbid). When you think of all the films you have seen during the past twelve months the spectacle becomes a confusing kaleidoscope of myriad shapes, plots, counter-plots and hooley. And I'll venture to say that if I should suddenly ask you to name the ten best pictures you had seen in 1932 you would be at a loss. I'll even venture to say you didn't see ten pictures in 1932. So this is where I come in.

In front of me is a list of the 1932 films. After studying them, I offer the following opinions. If you don't agree with them you're invited to mail in your own ideas—and we may even print them.

...

## Outstanding Films of 1932

Most Daring—"Life Begins."  
Best Aviation Film—"Hell Divers."  
Greatest Boxoffice Appeal—"Grand Hotel."  
Finest Foreign Film—"Maedchen in Uniform."  
Most Charmingly Risqué—"Trouble in Paradise."  
Most Intelligent Example of Musical

Background—"This Is The Night."

Best Musical Picture—"Love Me Tonight."

Finest Romance—"Smilin' Through."

Best Animal Picture—"Bring 'Em Back Alive."

Most Amusing Comedy—"Movie Crazy."

Best "Boo!" Picture—"Frankenstein."

Most Impressive Spectacle—"Sign of the Cross."

Most Unusual Idea—"If I Had A Million."

Best Prison Picture—"I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang."



"Mother, I wish something would happen."

Most Successful (and difficult) Job Of Screen Writing, Acting and Directing—"Strange Interlude."

Best Adaptation of a Successful Novel—"Farewell to Arms."

Greatest Juvenile Attraction—"Tarzan of the Apes."

...

## Outstanding Performances

BEST Individual Performance of the year: (man) Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;" (woman) Helen Hayes

in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

Most Consistently Entertaining Performer: (man) Charlie Ruggles; (woman) Zasu Pitts.

Funniest Person Of The Year—Jimmie Durante.

Finest Un-Starred Actress—Aline MacMahon.

Most Promising Performance—Katharine Hepburn in "Bill of Divorcement."

Best Juvenile Performances—Cora Sue Collins in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane", Jackie Cooper in "The Champ", Tad Alexander in "Strange Interlude" and "Rasputin and the Empress."

Other Juvenile Performances—The writing in "Kongo", "Scarlet Dawn", and "Sport Parade", and everything in "Igloo."

...

## Comedy Highlights

CHARLES Laughton giving his president the razzer in "If I Had a Million." ...

The two pygmies lighting the cigar in "Congorilla." ...

The Garbage Gondolier breaking out into *O Solo Mio* in "Trouble in Paradise." ...

Harold Lloyd's predicament on the dance floor after he has exchanged coats with the magician in "Movie Crazy." ...

The bull rushing past on the wrong side of Eddie Cantor in "The Kid From Spain." ...

The Newsreel shot of F. Scott McBride and his anti-wet troupe in Washington, featuring that old boy with no hair, no eyebrows and a loose upper plate. Also, their quartette singing, "The Harder the Fight the Sweeter the Vic-to-ree!" ...

Marie Dressler's face when she discovers the barber has shaved all the hair off her grandchild's head, in "Prosperity." ...

Harpo Marx driving the garbage can like a Roman chariot in "Horse Feathers." ...

Alison Skipworth waking up, tight, in "Night After Night." ...



Jimmy Durante's radio speech in "The Phantom President." . . .



### Dramatic Highlights

Lionel Barrymore's speeches in "Washington Masquerade" and his denunciation of Preysing in "Grand Hotel." . . .

Gary Cooper's prayer in the restaurant in "Farewell to Arms." . . .

Glenda Farrell singing "Frankie and Johnny" in the maternity ward in "Life Begins." . . .

The transition scenes in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." . . .

Christians marching up into the arena in "Sign of the Cross." . . .

Performances of Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes in "Broken Lullaby." . . .

Fights between the crocodile, tiger, python and leopard in "Bring 'Em Back Alive." . . .

The surprise ending in "One Way Passage." . . .

Claudette Colbert's makeup and character portrayal in "Sign of the Cross." . . .

Warren William drinking the poison in "The Mouthpiece." . . .

Lee Tracy's description of an electrocution in "Blessed Event." . . .

Wallace Beery telling Jackie Cooper good-bye during the jail scene in "The Champ." . . .

Norma Shearer's last sentence in "Smilin' Through" as she lay dying in her bridegroom's arms: "Oh dear, isn't it a pity?"

The remarkable handling of the "asides" in "Strange Interlude." . . .

### Random Shots That Linger

LEE GARMES' photography of the train pulling into the station at dawn in "Shanghai Express" . . . Rasputin hypnotizing the Czarevitch in "Rasputin and the Empress" . . . Harpo Marx's remark to the college widow in "Horse Feathers"—



"Madam, you are ruining my son. Why can't you do as much for me?" . . .

The love scene in the garden between Leslie Howard and

## Miracle Worker, AGE 8



His little hands hold the instrument tightly; his small, confident voice speaks eagerly into the mouthpiece. And as simply as that, he talks to his friend who lives around the corner, or to his Granny in a distant city . . . achievements which, not so many years ago, would have seemed miraculous.

These miracles he takes as a matter of course, in the stride of his carefree days. You yourself probably accept the telephone just as casually. Seldom do you realize what extraordinary powers it gives you. You use it daily for a dozen different purposes. For friendly chats. For business calls. To save steps, time and trouble. To be many places, do many things, visit many people, without so much as

moving from the living room of your home or the desk in your office.

At this very moment, somewhere, your voice would be the most welcome music in the world. Some one would find happiness in knowing where you are and how you are. Some one would say gratefully, sincerely—"I was wishing you'd call."

From among more than seventeen million telephones in this country, the very one you want will be connected quickly and efficiently with the telephone in your home or office.

Your telephone is the modern miracle which permits you to range where you will—talk with whom you will. It is yours to use at any hour of the day or night.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through" . . . and between Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes (by the statue) in "Farewell to Arms" . . . Photography taken from under the wheels of planes landing on a ship in "Hell Divers" . . . the little "drunk" in "Me And My Gal" . . . The wonderful snow scenes in "The Doomed Battalion." . . . Marion Davies charming grin and her greeting, "hi-de-hi, Kiddies" in "Blondie Of The Follies." . . . and that first breath-taking

shot of Norma Shearer as a middle-aged woman in "Strange Interlude." . . .

That's about all. Except that I might say in conclusion that the most over-rated picture of the year was "Congress Dances" and the most glaring examples of wasted talent were Joan Crawford in "Rain"; Marlene Dietrich in "Blonde Venus"; and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Nancy Carroll in "Scarlet Dawn."





## THE COLLEGE PARADE



SHE had just received a beautiful skunk coat from her husband.

"I can't see how such wonderful fur comes from such a foul-smelling beast."

"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I really insist on respect."  
—Drexlerd.

"Did you vote for the honor system?"

"Bet I did—four times."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

Cop—"Madam, didn't you see me hold up my hand?"

Lady Driver—"I did not."

Cop—"Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?"

Lady Driver—"I didn't."

Cop—"Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good here."  
—Princeton Tiger.

"This will settle my hash," he said as he downed the bicarbonate of soda.

—Ohio State Sundial.

"Is your baby a boy or a girl?"

"Of course, what else could it be?"

—Oklahoma Aggrievator.

"I saw in some paper that in out-of-the-way corners of the world the natives still use fish for money."

"What a sloppy job they must have getting gum out of a machine."

—Virginia Reel.

Poor old Hiram. He went up to New York determined to make his fortune pulling some skin

games on innocent strangers. However, the first fellow he tried to sell the Brooklyn Bridge to, turned out to be the owner of the darn thing, and if Hi hadn't paid him ten dollars to keep quiet the man would have had him arrested.  
—Brown Jug.

"How's everything with you, Mister Winchell?"

"O. K. Business is peeking up."

—Temple Owl.

### GET SMOTT QUICK DEPT

Otter—To give voice to your thoughts.

Pack—A fourth of a bushel.

Palfry—A tower in which a bell is hung.

Paunch—To beat or strike.

Pauper—A male parent.

Pepper—A printed news journal.

Petition—A wall or other barrier separating one part of a room from another.

Phase—The anterior portion of head: visage; countenance.

Pigeon—The act of tossing something.

Pillow—A great wave of the sea.

Pitch—A fruit known for its fuzzy skin.

Plush—A reddening: as of the anterior portion of the head. Shame or confusion.  
—Utab Humbug.

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): "I had a little brother seven years old and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died."

Silence for ten seconds.

Then voice from the rear: "Where's his sled?"  
—Annapolis Log.



"How's your oil?"

"We's jest fine—how's yo' all?"—Carolina Mugwump



## At the Bed-Side of the World

(Continued from page 22)

capacity, resolution that was not known before to exist in North America. We got a great deal out of the War, quite a bit of it out of our own hides.

Now that is the big thing. These poor squabbles about debts, who shall pay and when and who is grateful and who is not, will be worked out after a while, and if every country concerned in them including the United States could only look to its true advantage they would be worked out quite promptly. There are brains enough in the world to do it but it has to be done largely through popular assemblies and they are seldom very wise or apt in getting things done. Meanwhile praise Heaven that the British paid, for it is important to the world that the English speaking people should work together. The British have a large experience in human affairs. They have done pretty much everything wrong first or last and so acquired much useful knowledge which guides them more and more in the practice of the art of government. On the whole they seem to be nowadays the most trusted of the powerful nations.

People like Hearst and Brisbane who keep wailing over the costs of the War and all the current troubles that can be attributed to it do not seem to realize that the beneficiaries of our part in that activity, if there are any, will not so much be us, or even our children, but more likely our grandchildren. You have to look a good ways ahead to find valuable results from any war and especially a war so enormously destructive as that last one. Nevertheless it was in the day's work and it was our great good luck that we got in as we did.

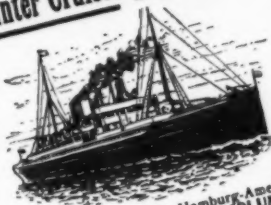
—E. S. Martin



"If a cyclone comes along, this will go special delivery."

## Winter Cruises

also from New York to the West Indies



The Hamburg-American Line's twin-screw Express S.S. COLUMBIA will leave New York, January 25th, 1906, for Port au Prince (Haiti), Mayaguez (Puerto Rico), St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadeloupe, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra (for Caracas, Venezuela), and Puerto Cabello, Kingston (Jamaica), and Havana, New York. Duration about 4 1/2 weeks. This is the first time a transatlantic liner (about 4 times as large as an ordinary W. I. Liner) with all its comforts is offered on this route. For further particulars apply to the Hamburg-American Line, 37 Broadway, N. Y.

## ADVERTISEMENT OF 1895

Way back in the brownstone front days we lured New Yorkers away from sleigh bells and hot toddies by the fireside, gave them the sunny Caribbean in exchange. Now in place of clanking skid-chains and synthetic cheer by the radiator, we offer you the most delectable cuisine, rounds of festivities, the rich comfort of the RELIANCE, sun-basking leisure and the 37-year pick of Caribbean ports. The pier is right over at West 46th St. Come away. It is going to be a stiff winter here.

# FEB. 18

# Sails the 18-DAY WEST

# S.S. RELIANCE

# CRUISE to the INDIES PANAMA SOUTH AMERICA

another of the favorite Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages to Venezuela, Curacao, Panama, Jamaica, Haiti, Havana (with the ship your hotel there—2 days)—18 glorious \$192.50 up days, 5,400 miles—

Later 18-DAY Cruise

**SAILS ON MARCH 11**

— same itineraries . . . festivities . . . rates.

April 1st Cruise . . . . . 12 days . . . \$132.50 up

April 14th Easter Cruise . 9 days . . . \$102.50 up



CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

# HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

39 Broadway, New York — Phone Dlgby 4-4400

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# 

By KYLE CRICHTON



THE sermon this month will be on book clubs, which started with the ambition of putting a book in every home and have done a great deal more. In recent months, if our operatives are to be trusted, they have been putting books in every storage warehouse in New York. To relieve this condition the Book-of-the-Month Club is now giving away a new book with each new subscription, and the yells from the poor book-stores are loud enough to be heard above the din of the sheriff knocking at their doors. The pain of trying to sell Mr. Van Loon's Geography at full price when it is being given away in the mail as a premium is something which could only be understood by a Christian Martyr.

HISTORY: The Book-of-the-Month was started in April, 1926, by Robert Haas and Harry Scherman on a capital of \$4,000. At the end of six months, they split a profit of \$400,000. On Broadway this is referred to as no small cube of sugar. Mr. Haas has turned respectable and is now the rear half of Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, publishers. Mr. Scherman is still president of his organization and shows no evil effects.

FIRST RIVAL: The Literary Guild was founded by a very talented young man named Harold Guinzburg, who retains his interest in the firm but is also head of the Viking Press, publishers. A sizeable block of Literary Guild stock is held by Doubleday, Doran, also publishers. I was all prepared to attack this unholy alliance until on looking over the list of Literary Guild selections for the past two years, I found that either Viking and Doubleday have been publishing some of the most horrible books since Mr. Caxton invented the printing press, or the Literary Guild is too honest for any use: the most the two firms could muster in that time were four selections.

SECOND RIVAL: The bookstores,

finding that they couldn't halt the book clubs, decided to get into the racket themselves. The American Booksellers Association launched their own book of the month. The selections, made by Harry Hansen and lesser lights, were of such brilliance that clerks and doormen in thirty cities were mangled in the rush of customers to get out of stores where the books were displayed. The plan, in short, blew up.

THIRD RIVAL: The Book League was started by Samuel Craig, Jr., who was in on the Literary Guild at its birth and Isaac Don Levine, who knew people who had money. It later absorbed Thomas L. Stix, the Cincinnati boy, who conducted the obsequies in a most dignified manner when the League was recently taken over by the Literary Guild.



HOUSEWIFE: "The electric toaster was fine, but only two of us can sit on it at one time."

CRITICISM: The clubs are good on their choices of general books, biography, literature. Fiction, a high level of mediocrity, running to second-rate Englishmen and well-established Americans. Such fine American writers as Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, William Faulkner and John Dos Passos have not been honored by the book clubs, which were giving their powerful support to Helen Ashton, Denis Mackail, Vicki Baum (Twice, may heaven be our judge!), Rosamond Lehmann (twice), Felix Salten, H. W.

Freeman, Elizabeth Bowen, and Esther Forbes.

CRITICS: Carl Van Doren is head man at the Literary Guild and has the assistance of other great minds, including Burton Rascoe, the Man who Knows Greek. The Man who Knows Greek has lately written a surprisingly good book, "The Titans of Literature", in which among other things he says that John Milton gives him a pain. This has not pleased many people but I am prepared to argue that disrespect is one of the finer critical faculties and to approve of the Man who Knows Greek even when he is wrong, which, naturally, is seldom.

FEAR: Henry Seidel Canby, chief poohbah of the Book-of-the-Month, is haunted by the fear that some ribald relative will have engraved upon his headstone: "Here lies Henry Seidel Canby, the man who discovered Joan Lowell." Miss Lowell, as you will recall, is the young lady who wrote that great sea story "Cradle of the Deep", which was salted much in the manner of a fake gold mine.

FINANCIAL: Originally Book-of-the-Month bought the books from the publisher at a discount of 70%. Its circulation at one time neared 100,000. It is hard to compute now because subscribers have their choice from a large list, can confine themselves to four books a year, etc., but 40,000 would be about right. The Club now buys the right to publish a book from the publisher for \$10,000. The Literary Guild has always done this. For that the clubs get the plates of the book and do their own printing, saving money. The author gets half of the ten grand and leaves immediately for Majorca.

MORAL: The Book League which gave most went out of business; the Book-of-the-Month which gives least is most successful of all. This constitutes an economics theory of great significance, although I am not sure what it is, unless it is simply another confirmation of Mr. Barnum.

### IN BRIEF

THE Kennel Murder Case by S. S. Van Dine. The new exploit of Philo Vance, who has kept his Rotten Row accent and his Regie cigarettes in



mothballs for the last two years. About Scottish terriers, Chinese ceramics, a couple of good murders, a lovely killing for the criminal and the customary "my sacred aunts" and such tosh. Better than the last Van Dine—*The "Scarab . . ."*

*Murder at Monte Carlo* by E. Phillips Oppenheim. American gangsters invade Monaco and make the fur fly. As much action as any Oppenheim and much more gore than most.

*The Bulpington of Blup* by H. G. Wells. A joke title that means something, after all. It's a real Wells novel, at last. No fourth dimension, no trick islands with loony inhabitants, no super-scientific stuff—but a grand story of a man who "acted" his way through life . . . and was a mighty poor, if interesting, player.

*Ann Vickers* by Sinclair Lewis. All the Lewis virtues and all the Lewis faults packed in the story of a girl who grew up to be a social worker, saw the inside of prisons and wound up as the mistress of a "crooked" judge. Read it. Lewis' feminine psychology may be all cockeyed but his people jump right out of the pages.

*Public Faces* by Harold Nicholson. Politics, international intrigues and love in 1939. It must be very clever because Nicholson is said to be a very clever writer. It must be very clever. . . . Say it often enough and you'll believe it.

*Never Ask the End* by Isabel Paterson. Talk—talk—talk—talk—all over France and much of Europe. And who the hell cares, except the Literary Guild, which distributed it over its subscribers last month.



## "REGULAR" FOLKS

BY JEFFERSON MACHMER

### FEARS



### JEERS



### SNEERS



### HEARS



### CHEERS



**YEARS**—27 years of growing popularity! That's the record of Ex-Lax—the chocolate laxative. It is safe, gentle, effective—for every age!

If you don't know what a fine laxative Ex-Lax is, tonight's a good time to find out! Take an Ex-Lax before retiring—and see how wonderful you feel in the morning!

At all drug stores, 10c, 25c and 50c. Or write for a sample. Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. W23, Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

KEEP "REGULAR" WITH

# EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE





Do not forego the pleasure of stopping at the Sherry-Netherland, even on short New York trips. Enjoy its pleasant residential quality . . . the tranquil and beautiful surroundings . . . the feeling of being a part of smartest New York.

By the day . . .

## AT THE SHERRY- NETHERLAND

1933 rates



Single and double rooms. Suites, apartments. Several attractive rooms for the smaller, smarter parties, luncheons, dinners, bridge, dances. Fifth Ave. at 59th Street, on Central Park, New York.

## PROCLAIM

# 3 DAYS OF FREEDOM

## FROM A WORK-A-DAY WORLD

Lincoln's Birthday! What happier holiday than three wonderful days at the shore! Bring the family and let them revel in the sparkling sun and salt air, at the edge of the glorious ocean. A seashore appetite awaits you . . . and food fit for the gods.

Outdoors there's golf. In the hotel, squash . . . or a health bath to put you in prime condition. Fast hockey to watch in the Auditorium. Or, delicious idleness all day long on the Ocean Deck. At night, Music. Dancing. Bridge. Rates are very special. American and European Plans.

## CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company



"It's more comfortable this way!"

## Letters of a Modern Father

MY Dear Daughter:

I am delighted to hear that your husband has a position and that you won't have to open a tea room after all.

I didn't want to discourage you, but I hated to see you renting a dismal old house in the blighted district and putting out a Southern cooking sign. After all, your people have always been honest.

Harold's job sounds pretty good. You say he is to be superintendent of transient motor equipment for a big department store. I don't suppose you mean he's working on a parking lot, do you?

Your brother Sheridan has just been appointed route service manager for the local newspaper. Some people call it driving a truck, but of course they do not understand modern business.

Speaking of modern business, the Simpson boy across the street—you know, the Rhodes scholar—is running the Kewpie Hamburger on Pershing Boulevard. His mother told us they don't regret his eight years of higher education for she knows he is a happier hamburger man today than he would have been had he gone straight from high school to the range.

Your Affectionate Father,

—McCready Huston.

## A Woman Scorned

I TREMBLE at the grisly rage  
That floods my breast when ice  
trays stick.

It's then I need a steel-barred cage  
With just a dash of arsenic.

—Margaret Fishback



## THE WOMAN'S SLANT

### The Brown Hat

IT needed a Camel cigarette advertisement to popularize the brown mannish felt hat for women, as worn by the handsome blonde lass in a recent Camel advertising photograph. The girl in the picture looks a little like Marlene Dietrich, a little like Ruth Etting. But what women really look at is the wedding ring worn on her right instead of left hand, and at the raffish, man-about-town lid. "Do I dare wear one like it?" they ask themselves. Any number have answered yes, and Best & Co., first to bring out the exact duplicates of this hat, calling them "Comelong," sold every one they had two days after they appeared. The photograph was originally made for one of the leading fashion magazines whose editorial board decided against using it lest readers misinterpret the masculine appearance of the girl in the picture. Even though she be not girlish enough for this magazine's readers, Camel smokers and others all over the country are caaa-razy about her, hat, ring-on-the-wrong-finger and all.

### Phone Fussiness

Hostesses who use Sav-a-call may find themselves less popular by the end of the month, but their telephone bills will be smaller. Sav-a-call is a determined little lock which plugs into one of the dial holes of the telephone instrument. A click of a key—and Sav-a-call cuts off all out-going calls, though incoming messages are unaffected. Those charming people who always remember to call San Francisco or Milwaukee on some one else's telephone after their third drink will find Sav-a-call sobering, for not even the operator can be reached when the key is turned. The inventor of this mean little lock is a little shame-faced over his phone fussiness, but explains that the idea came to him during a New Year's party when several guests thought it would be cute to call Al Capone in Chicago to wish him the greetings of the season.

### This Month's Madnesses

Maniku, the circular nail file, cleaner and brush for polite, under-cover manicuring. It does everything save put a bright polish on the nails, and is hardly bigger than a quarter.

L'Onglex nailstyles, a form of fingernail decalcomania which deposits a pansy, a butterfly, a dancing girl, "I Love You," a number or a playing card pip upon the nails.

Waxed cloths for tablecloth writers were invented by a



Under the direction of

FRED STERRY

President

THE PLAZA  
NEW YORK

WILL P. TAYLOR

Manager

Come this winter to...



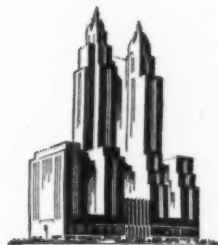
## The NATIONAL HOTEL of CUBA • HAVANA



Under the lanterns of the Dining Terrace... high above the city and the sea, you may enjoy, as nowhere else, the luxury of vacationing in the tropics. There are tennis courts, fine golf courses, a swimming pool, and large, comfortably furnished guest rooms. OPEN ALL YEAR.

Reservations may be made at The Plaza and The Savoy-Plaza, New York, at The Copley-Plaza, Boston.

MAY WE SEND A COPY OF OUR BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET?



To step from your train to the very center of smart New York life, is what staying at The Waldorf means. Thus, even a short trip becomes an event. Rooms, in charming taste, and perfectly appointed. Service, unobtrusive but instantly responsive, to give you personal, individual attention always.

THE  
**WALDORF-ASTORIA**  
PARK AVENUE • 49TH TO 50TH STS • NEW YORK





restaurateur. They come all equipped with soft pencils for scribblers whose words fail them and force them to illustrate their thoughts in writing on tablecloths. With every washing the handwriting on the wax vanishes. Another coating—and the writing may go on again. The wax saves the cloth the drubbing it would have got at laundries.

Klipsies, little tin birds and animals to attach to the rim of one's glass, to keep thirsty guests from lapping up others' drinks.

Sophisticate Lipsticks, flavored with wine, said to make good prohibition kisses.

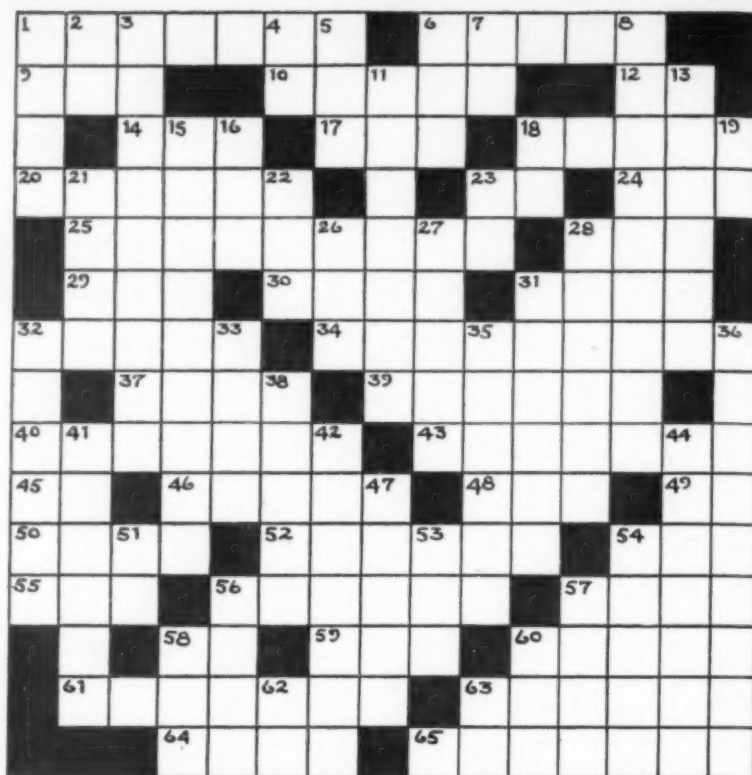
#### Burning Passion

WHAT do you suppose folks are doing with their long winter evenings? They're etching burnt wood and leather designs again. Pyrography, they called it at the turn of the century, and very popular it was, too. So popular, indeed, that even now, years later, specimens of the misspent moments of one's youth appear in attic and cellar trunks. No smart girl of 1908 boasted fewer than half a dozen of these pyrographic chef d'oeuvres, including a hair receiver, a safety pin box and a bread board, each branded with its particular use. Well, now we're at it again. This time it's done with an electrical pencil, for greater artistic effect. Stores' toy and notions departments carry pyrographic tools.

#### Rustling In

Taffeta is swishing itself into the mid-winter and spring fashion picture. Its first friendly reception came with the return of Victorian modes. It has been rustling in and out of frocks and blouses for the past few years. This spring it is expected to touch a new style high in popularity. Then it will probably be folded away for another few years. Such is the fate of fashions. It takes them several seasons to get going. Once they reach the point of great mass popularity, you can count on their complete disappearance the very next season. There'll be lots of taffeta suits, coats, blouses, capes, dresses and hats this spring.

The reason for taffeta—and other fabric hats—is interesting. Milliners are tired of placing a felt on a block and calling it a hat. They want to take stitches and do a little handwork. That means making hats on a frame of buckram, a stiffish fabric which holds its shape well, and over which another material—taffeta, satin or velvet—is sewn. The buckram frame hat is far



### Life's Valentine Puzzle

#### HORIZONTAL

1. A debt that is paid out of decency.
6. Juliet did this.
9. Sometimes hailed when passing by.
10. A cutter unused in winter.
12. This never follows you.
14. Where you can get soaked.
17. What shrews do.
18. A kind of companion.
20. What most wages are.
23. Your personality in an abbreviated state.
24. A small point in the end.
25. The worm that turned.
28. A possessive female.
29. A word for employment.
30. What every right liver has.
31. This is not all.
32. To serve in scanty style.
34. Brought out.
37. What failures die in.
39. Composed by habit.
40. Not so strong.
43. Word for word.
45. The Family Name abbreviated.
46. Good for a raise.
48. Usually found under the mattress.
49. Grain elevators.
50. What one has on when drunk (slang).
52. Likenesses.
54. What traveling men often carry.
55. A river in Spain.
56. This is all at sea.
57. Vocal selection.
58. Signifies surprise.
59. What Shakespeare wrote with.
60. Always found in scanties.
61. Goes around.
63. The last thing in living.
64. An edge.
65. Taken out daily in Washington, D. C.

#### VERTICAL

1. A pain in the neck.
2. Who mother married.
3. Unduly prominent.
4. Where Buicks come from (Abbr.).
5. Not hither.
6. A low hanging limb.
7. Indicating choice.
8. A bad thing in a dog.
11. Upholstered pancakes.
13. An evening party.
15. Incapable of defense.
16. A gambler's chance.
18. This never takes action.
19. A Member of Parliament.
21. Border.
22. Brought up to be brought out.
23. Belonging to me.
26. Free.
27. A plane.
28. Derided.
31. Political lists.
32. To allow.
33. A roofer.
35. A qualification for eating.
36. Followers of the conventions.
38. The ultimate negative.
41. A wind-up.
42. Mourning to music.
44. This stands for nothing.
47. Dilapidated left-overs.
51. Leave.
53. To express want.
54. A little matter for thought.
56. Burn to a cinder.
57. Perfection!
58. A rounder.
60. What false teeth come in.
62. Half time.
63. A noise in young children.





## HE'S BACK!

SINBAD, the lovable mutt who has been romping his way through *Life* for the past 5 years, makes his second appearance in print. At the clamorous demand of thousands of Sinbad fans, scattered all over the country, SINBAD was published last year. Now come further adventures in SINBAD AGAIN! Once again the irrepressible pup dashes into our lives, tracking mud over our floors, worrying our slippers, pleading to go out, begging to come in, greedy, clumsy, destructive, lovable; death on cats unless they show fight; savage defender of the home, nuisance and indispensable friend; loved by thousands, prototype of all the loved mongrels in the world.

Here is your chance to recapture permanently all the fun you've had this year with Sinbad in the pages of *Life*.

Sinbad is scratching at your door. Have a heart! Let him in. It costs you only \$2.00. (Sinbad himself mindful of the depressed state of the national pocket-book has reduced his price this year.)

LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York  
Dear Sinbad: Send me ..... copies of  
your book. Here's my check for \$.....

Name .....

Address .....

L 2

more satisfying to all concerned—save perhaps to the wearer who may still prefer the casual felt—. The buckram frame hat gives everyone a break. The buckram boys; the fabric folks; the trimming crowd; the millinery wire firms and above all, the milliners.

### Skimskamps

STOUT women have their corsets; fat girls have their foundations. That leaves girdles for the slim ones who have done a lot of complaining because even these fail to give the body smoothness they require under skin-tight frocks. Vera Borea, Paris couturière and champion of young folks' fashions, has set her mind to this figure problem. She has finally worked out a flock of slim girls' figure confiners under the generic name of Kickernick, which stands for a large, nationally known underwear firm from Minneapolis, Minn. Among these are Slendation Slimtrims and Skimskamps—and why not? What's a name matter, if beneath it is a lithe and lovely figure clothed in a Slendation?

Slendations stretch every which way, up, down and around, but they somehow hold everything in shape. They are extra long in back because Vera Borea finds the human back is 6 to 8 inches longer when sitting than when standing. We advise no one to twist herself hind-side to trying to prove this. Let it go at that. These Skimskamps, Slimtrims and other teethbreakers are really dandy little garments. None weighs more than 2 ounces. They're Talon-fastened. The parts not made of 3-way stretch rubber are of a satin fabric called Flexso, or of a dull fabric called Flexsuede. Slim girls will love their Slendations, which should be in all shops by St. Valentine's day.



"Now would be a good time to ask  
Father. He has his shoes off."

## DIVORCES BRIDE ON WEDDING NIGHT

*Pals Laud Groom Who Rebels  
At Life of Extravagance*



### HAPPY DREAM ENDS

Stung to Scotch fury by first wedded words of bride, "Sweetie pie, call up Joe at Circle 0-1234 and ask him to send up a case of g-n," Nelson M. Kroitz, last night instantly ordered lawyer-best man to file divorce papers. Kroitz, wealthy young clubman, said today in exclusive interview, "If Sadie doesn't know there's a depression and that nowadays people don't buy 'premixed provisions' then our love pact is better broken. I plan to provide for her by an outright settlement of a dozen bottles of Red Lion Flavor."

Kroitz' outburst, it was later learned, was caused by the fact that Red Lion Flavor cuts the cost of hospitality squarely in half. It is reported by W. A. Taylor & Co., 12 Vestry St., N. Y., distributors of Red Lion Flavor, that one bottle flavors a gallon and that they can be bought at good grocery and drug stores.

## RED LION IMITATION GIN Cooking FLAVOR

When writing to advertisers, please  
mention LIFE

For transient  
visits or yearly leases  
**ONE TO FIVE ROOMS**  
Furnished or Unfurnished

**The  
Beverly**

AN APARTMENT HOTEL  
WITH A DISTINGUISHED  
RESTAURANT

125 East 50th Street  
New York  
Wallace K. Seeley  
Mgr.

1/2-PRICE OFFER

of **Abbott's**  
BITTERS

G. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md. L-2  
Please send me full-size 50c bottle of Abbott's Bitters  
for 25c enclosed. (Stamps or coin)  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....





## QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams



### First Prize Winner

**DEAR PROF:** Has a radio contest ever been held that didn't require as an entry requirement the top, bottom, or side panels from the box of advertised goods?—Miss Betty Brady, Marion, Ohio.

Dear Betty: No. There are so many possible combinations that manufacturers of cereals, sugar, etc. seem unable to resist the temptation. For instance, one contest required the top, bottom and two sides of the package; another, the top, bottom and three sides; and still another, the top, bottom, all four sides, a coupon found imbedded in the contents, the name of the nearest grocer, and a 50-word letter. The 14 people who didn't have anything better to do than monkey around with this contest received prizes almost large enough to repay them for their money, time, and effort. Twelve of them were lifers in Auburn prison.

### Second Prize Winner

**DEAR PROF:** Did any waitress ever take an order without saying, "Coffee now, or later?"—Joseph Fitzgerald, Chicago.

Dear Joe: There is no record of such a phenomenon, chiefly because every waitress who has ever attempted a variation of this theme has lost her job almost immediately. Here is all the available data:

1928. Mary Snow, the Metro Lunch, St. Louis: "Coffee now, or never?" Fired by proprietor.

1929. Bessie Scram, the Gem Cafe, Houston, Texas: "You'll have coffee now and like it." Bounced by manager.

1929. Madge McManus, Reck's Restaurant, Detroit: "You don't want coffee; you have the jitters now." Quit after having nose fractured by customer.

1930. Marie DeJardin, Ye Little Tea Nook, Boston: "Would you like—some coffee—or something?" Run out of town by the Watch and Ward Society.

The Professor would be grateful for information concerning the present whereabouts of Marie DeJardin.

### Third Prize Winner

**DEAR PROF:** Did anyone ever run across a familiar name while reading a batch of "unsolicited testimonials"?—Ethel Perry, Neenah, Wisconsin.

Dear Ethel: Almost. Last year Mr. Fred N. Litten of Lake Charles, La., while browsing around amongst a testimonial pamphlet, discovered the photograph, name and address of a man (Martin Klaver) he hadn't seen or heard of for 15 years. He wrote to his old friend saying how glad he was to hear of his good health, and in a few days received the following letter: "Dear Mr. Litten, you must have wrote the wrong guy because my dad has been dead for 12 years on account of drinking some patent medicine like water and if he's in good health now it's news to me. Yours truly, Martin Klaver, Jr." Which just goes to show you, or something.

### Fourth and Fifth Prize Winners

**DEAR PROF:** Did any one ever open a package of corn flakes or other foodstuffs by following such directions as "Cut along the dotted line" and so forth?—K. J. Edwards, Tampa, Fla.

Dear K. J.: Very few people can afford the time necessary to follow such directions to the letter. "Cut along the dotted line" runs a close second to "Open this end" for time-wasting, but "Push here" and "Lift this flap" are probably just as annoying. The worst example is that of a certain cereal manufacturer who, in addition to conducting radio contests (see above), prints the following directions on his package: "Slit along top line, bend flaps A and B, insert in slot C, Push D through E and F, and fold G so that contents will pour like H." The package will then be "set" much in the manner of a mouse trap and is proof against rodents which would get their necks broken if they so much as sniffed at the box. Most housewives open packages with a meat cleaver or some blunt instrument such as a stove lifter; manufacturers, therefore, who pay an effici-



# CORNS

## STOPS PAIN AT ONCE



NEW  
100%  
SAFE  
SURE  
WAY!

### Quickly Removes Corns

Corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes stop hurting one minute after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing pads remove the cause—shoe pressure; make new or tight shoes easy on the feet; prevent blisters. Used with the new separate Medicated Disks (included at no extra cost) Zino-pads safely and quickly remove corns or callouses. At all drug and shoe stores. Get a box today.

**Dr. Scholl's  
Zino-pads**  
Put one on—the pain is gone!

### ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

from

## Life

IN response to many requests, LIFE is now offering a limited number of original drawings at small cost to readers. These drawings, in pen and ink, pencil, and wash, can be purchased from five to fifteen dollars each. If you are interested in any specific picture that has appeared in LIFE during the past year, or in the work of any particular artist, we should be glad to send you further information upon receipt of the coupon.

Art Department, LIFE  
60 East 42nd St., New York City.

Please quote me prices on original drawings by

I am particularly interested in the picture entitled

in the.....issue of LIFE.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... L-2

ency expert \$5,000 to figure out how the box should be opened are just oafs.

Dear Prof: Did any man ever discard a frayed collar without sending it just once too often to the laundry?—  
E. C. Baird, St. Joseph, Mo.

Dear E. C.: In File C, under Collars, the following facts seem to indicate that no man has succeeded in gauging the wear and tear sufficiently to stop sending his disintegrating collars to the laundry. A Mr. John Marshall of Cleveland once invented a device for testing the edges of linen collars but he was never able to make it work and finally went to Harvard to study law. There is only one solution to the problem: when collars become the slightest bit frayed take them to a Chinese laundry, tear up the ticket, and go out and buy some new collars. Or join a Nudist Colony.

HORRIBLE Mention this month to F. P. Holcomb of Fort Clark, Texas, for his Sillyqueery: *If rubber didn't stretch, what would it do?* . . . Several hundred Queerrespondents have submitted the following questions: *Did the phone ever fail to ring when you are in the bath? Has any woman ever failed to mention her operation? Did any auto mechanic ever neglect to wipe his hands on the steering wheel?* The answer to all of them is No.

BE A QUEERRESPONDENT! This department will pay twenty-five dollars each month for the best questions received from readers. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York. \$5 will be paid for each accepted question. Send in your questions. Send in as many as you like—at any time. Try to find a question the Professor can't answer!

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## SUCH IS LIFE!

*Okay, Cheecago!*

**"DEAR LIFE:**

It is reassuring to see your Fiftieth Anniversary issue in front of me. I am wondering if American families today realize the importance of a genuinely witty magazine that is clean and not lacking in brain-power? Isn't it time that LIFE rallied the citizenry to support the substantial cause of humor? Have all our artists become pornographers? Have our wits become so vulgar that they cannot be weaned away from the soiled?

"I find that LIFE has been with me since childhood. It has become a genuine part of my life. I mean that. You have rich assets in the minds of thousands of other Americans. Maybe the time is right for you to prove the might of your sword—a pen that has never been dipped in filth. Get militant, LIFE, and thousands of loyal friends will respond with checks and cheers."

*Paul Darrow Paddock  
Chicago, Illinois.*

**Genii**

MARGARET FISHBACK'S letter-head carries the line: "Poems Made Up to Take Out." And she claims

she is able to ignore her apartment 'phone, when she's in the mood, no matter how insistently it rings. . . . DR. SEUSS has just returned from a trip through Turkey and the like, stocked up with fresh material for his impossible cartoons. He dropped in the other day and showed us some Turkish plumbing fixture blueprints. . . . LESTER GABA (see cover) likes to recall the time he swiped a pair of rubbers from a friend and painted them in realistic flesh tones to make them look like huge feet. He varnished the job to make it waterproof, concealed the fiendish masterpiece with a final coat of black watercolor, and replaced the rubbers. On the next rainy day, his friend wore the rubbers and the outer coating of black paint washed off—at Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. . . . We salute the ingenuity of contributors who send us letters addressed to the Song Editor, Exchange Editor, Cartoon Editor, Joke Editor, Puzzle Editor, Fiction Editor, Sinbad Department Editor, and Poetry Editor. . . . And the poets who submit parodies of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." We've had "Fleas", "Teas", "Knees", and "Sneeze." Please! . . . We have a special technique for handling the "Bright Sayings of Kiddies" scrips that pile up on our desk. First we roll them into little tight cylinders and grind them up in a pencil sharpener, then we empty the contents of the sharpener into a vat of molasses and obtain (by a process known only to the elevator man) a brittle, inedible sort of taffy. This we pulverize, pour into paper bags, and mail out to addresses culled from the telephone book. . . . An alarmed suburban wife, whose husband had telephoned that he would be in town late but did not come home at all, early the following morning sent to four of his men friends in the city this telegram: DID JOHN STAY WITH YOU LAST NIGHT? Within an hour—even before her husband awoke and telephoned dutifully from his club—four replies came back: YES.

—The Editors.



*Here's Edwina herself, and the original SINBAD.*



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